

Sports Illustrated

MAY 27, 1974

60 CENTS

THOSE RAMPAGING DODGERS

Slugging Star Jim Wynn



Tenneco's Walker Manufacturing produces exhaust systems for America's cars and trucks, plus filters, jacks and lifting devices.



J I Case construction machinery ranges from big articulated loaders such as this to Davis mini-machines to giant Drott trenchers, plus a full line of agricultural tractors.



Hegblade-Margules-Tenneco markets premium quality fresh fruits and vegetables under the Sun Giant® brand, plus these packaged products—almonds, dates and raisins.



Offshore drilling rig in 472 feet of water in the stormy British North Sea recently discovered oil on a large block in which Tenneco has about a one-third interest.

USS Enterprise, largest nuclear powered ship afloat, was built by Tenneco's Newport News Shipbuilding, which is currently constructing the carriers Eisenhower and Nimitz.



Urethane foams from Tenneco Chemicals finds a host of uses including upholstery material for furniture and automobiles.



Shipping containers and cartons for the nation's goods are the product of Tenneco's Packaging Corporation of America. All the containers shown here are made of re-cycled paper.

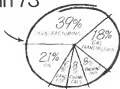


Still expanding its 15,600 mile natural gas pipeline system, the nation's largest, Tenneco is also working to develop new supplies of this clean-burning fuel.



What would you call a company
that did \$3.9 billion in '73
and looks like this?

We call it Tenneco



Tenneco makes things

Things like small auto parts, big tractors and the largest nuclear ships afloat.

Even so, many people still refer to us as a gas pipeline company.

That we were and still are, with the largest natural gas pipeline in the country. But gas transmission (18% of our 1973 revenues) is only one important part of our story.

Which is why we're asking you to broaden your view of Tenneco.

Think of us as a company that is tackling the energy problem on many different fronts. Searching for oil and gas on a worldwide scale plus refining and marketing (21% of revenues). Developing a practical technology for turning coal into pipeline quality gas and synthetic oil and, in a joint venture with Westinghouse, preparing to manufacture offshore floating nuclear power plants on an assembly line basis.

In manufacturing (39% of revenues), see us as the company whose Newport News Shipbuilding is expanding to build mammoth liquefied natural gas tankers and ultra-large crude carriers to bring the energy home.

As the company whose J I Case Divi-

sion is turning out fleets of heavy-duty construction equipment and farm tractors to meet our nation's building and agricultural needs.

As the company whose Walker Manufacturing is producing auto exhaust systems for one out of every four cars on the road today. And is under contract to supply catalytic emission control hardware to a major auto manufacturer.

See us as the company whose Chemicals Division (8% of revenues) is a major supplier of versatile plastics. And whose Packaging Corporation of America (8% of revenues) supplies shipping containers and cartons to 300 of the 500 largest U.S. corporations.

In agriculture and land development, (6% of revenues), as the company that is packing and marketing farm fresh vegetables, raisins, almonds, and dates under the name Sun Giant®. And Tenneco Realty is developing whole new communities.

Think of us as the company whose total sales grew from \$2.6 to \$3.9 billion since 1970.

See us as Tenneco. A lot of company. In a lot of ways.

Tenneco Inc., Houston, Texas 77001

Tenneco

Welcome news from the Welcome Home people: Kids 18 and under free.

Got a kid 18 or under?

Two? Three? How many?

Well, kids are home free at all the more than 550 Ramada Inns coast to coast, under our Family Plan.

They'll share your room; cribs for real little guys are free, too. There is a charge for rollaway beds if there are that many of you though.

More welcome news—for information and reservations simply dial toll free 800-228-2828* and book your whole family for

one night or every night you're on the road.

So when you get there, you've really arrived. Because you'll find special play areas just for kids, swimming pools for the whole gang, terrific restaurants that can serve up delights for most any family's scale of tastes, plus lounges for more up-town relaxation while you're out of town.

Fact is, we think you'll find everything about your visit at a Ramada Inn welcome news.



Welcome home.

* In New York and New Jersey

RAMADA

Contents

MAY 27, 1974 Volume 40, No. 21

Cover photograph by Eric Schwelburt

28 No Mirrors Now, Sir

No longer needing magic, the Dodgers' rip-roaring hitters, notably Jim Wynn, have put them way out ahead

32 Clearing Up the Muddled Picture

Little Current's spectacular win in the Peoria race gave the racing season a badly needed touch of class

34 Jubilation At Last in Philly

The city of sports lovers gets a big winner as the Flyers, those bumptious expansionists, seize the Stanley Cup

36 Without Reservation, A Wintu Won

Golf's first designated event became Red Curl's first victory as the little Indian beat the big boys in the Colonial

42 Off the Shores of Gitche Gumeo

Hymned by Longfellow, Lake Superior has more recently been lauded by innologists and a concerned judge

50 Picture You in My T for Two

Every year about this time they make the revival run, proving that Ford's Speedster is alive and well

56 Rooms, Rinks and Rookies

Those have been the three Rs of NHL hockey scouts as they prepared for next week's player draft

84 Pride in Bondage

Even to the present day, sacred rites of servitude bind the giant sumo wrestler of Japan to the feudal past

The departments

25 Scorecard	80 Crew
66 Baseball	101 For the Record
72 Hunting	102 19th Hole
76 Medicine	

28

32

34

36

42

50

84

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James E. Stempel, President; Clifford J. Green, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; outside, per annum anywhere in the world \$15.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 101

Next week

INDY'S RACERS barrel along on the 500-mile Memorial Day trail, with A. J. Foyt the favorite starting in the pole position and 32 others in raucous pursuit. Robert F. Jones reports.

THE MILE is the big attraction at the California Relays, where sensational Tony Waldrop, who has broken four minutes nine straight times, goes after Jim Ryun's 7-year-old record.

MONTREAL'S OLYMPICS will be a love-in, with athletes and spectators two years hence enjoying the fruits of innovative planning. Such at least is the plan of Mayor Jean Drapeau.

No shaver advertising dares compare their shave with a Ronson shave.

Here's why:

Our micro-thin shaving screen is thinner than this page.
So our 36 surgical-sharp blades cut closer to the whisker base.
To cut as close as Ronson, you have to *get* as close as Ronson.
No shaver in America dares claim they can.



No comparison. A Ronson shave is unsurpassed. Because the Ronson cutting system is unbeatable.

We created the first micro-thin shaving screen, years ago. Now others have tried to copy us.

But they don't have our unique cutting system. They don't have our 36 surgical-sharp blades. They don't have our high power motor that eats up whiskers at the softest touch. They don't have our "SuperTrim" or our Electric Self-Cleaning feature.

They don't have our great Replacement Kit, the only one that lets you replace *both* blades *and* screen to keep your Ronson shaver sharp as new. So to get closeness without comparison, you have to get a Ronson shaver. Try a Ronson today.

1000XL **RONSON**
by DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Closeness without comparison.

©1987 Ronson Shaver Co. All rights reserved. Ronson is a registered trademark.

We agree—when you recover from a long illness, your wallet should be healthy, too.

Medical bills are the problem, but not everyone agrees on the solution.

Some people think that it is government's job to keep you from going broke while you're getting better. With your tax dollars paying the cost. But there's another way. The insurance companies have already started to solve the problem quietly and efficiently.

Everybody can be protected.



Two years ago, Aetna became the first company to provide a \$250,000 catastrophic medical benefit on a broadscale. At a modest additional cost. Today, many companies offer similar coverage. And millions of Americans have it through their group plan or individual insurance.



Build on the present system. Insurance companies recognize the need to extend their coverage to low-income families and to improve the quality of community health care. With government support, we can provide broader protection and help organize better health services.

Congress is studying the problem. And we're anxious to help. We believe that making our \$250,000 catastrophic medical pro-



tection available to everyone is a positive step. But we're working on other solutions, too. Because more needs doing. Health care isn't your average-sized problem, but Aetna's not your average insurance company.

Aetna
LIFE & CASUALTY

You get **action** with Aetna

IN CASE OF
HOT TASTE
BREAK OPEN



Come all the way up to KOOL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

Our Green Lite Service is so good we left Don Rickles speechless.



Green Lite[®] Service is our new system that helps you pick up your car faster and return it more conveniently. And we knew if there were any flaws, Don Rickles would be the guy to find them.

"You hotshots are asking for it," he snickered filling out the Green Lite Service application.

After we mailed Don his Green Lite Service identification card, he immediately called to put us to the test. He gave his identification number and added with a sneer, "You want my shoe size, too?"

"No sir," replied our reservationist. "We've got all the information we need stored in our computer."

So when Don arrived at our counter he found his rental agreement filled out and waiting.

"Not bad," he conceded. "But now I bet I turn into a pumpkin waiting for my car."

"No sir," said our counter representative. "Just show me your driver's license, authorized credit card and sign."

"That's it?" asked Rickles.

"That's it," she answered. "And if you're in a hurry when you return the Buick Century we're renting you, use our express check-in box.[†] And of course, at most locations you still get our 26 hour check-in day, and you get S&H Green Stamps on all U.S. rentals."

"But... but..." stammered Rickles.

Our service is so good it left Rickles speechless. Pick up an application for Green Lite Service at any National counter.



When it comes to service we mean business.

[†] Available at participating locations for use by charge customers. © National Car Rental System, Inc. 1974 (in Canada it's Tilden Rent-a-car; in Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar.)
*Green Lite and the design of the logo are trademarks of National Car Rental System, Inc.

THE INDY 500

A SPECIAL REPORT ON A VERY SPECIAL RACE



NOTE: This section is affiliated with [unreadable] give for [unreadable]



little has changed, save the speed itself, since that sunny day in 1911 when Ray Harroun wheeled his yellow and black Marmion Wasp across the finish line at the first Indianapolis 500.

The track has been resurfaced to cover up the bumps, but the turns are the same, and the track width is unaltered. But, somehow, the speed has risen from 74 to nearly 200 MPH. One major thing has never changed: The fans still sit there in true Walter Mitty fashion and watch in wide-eyed wonderment as the helmeted heroes zang their cars around the course.

They still wonder what it is like out there, just beyond the protective fence and concrete wall. Right there in the cockpit.

The view from the driver's seat is both exciting and mundane. It is exhausting and exhilarating. And certainly it is unique.

The drivers will tell you that each track has its own personality. At Indy, as at any track, it is imperative to learn its peculiarities and to feel its pulse before even attempting to qualify there,

because it has conquered many drivers.

To describe this pulse and the sensations of driving Indy, one must distill the comments of several expert drivers into one voice that speaks, first person, for all of them:

First, there are the turns, four of them, and each one 90 degrees. Turns that you drive, basically, the same way. Yet each one is different. It is that personal thing.

Turn One gives you a feeling that you are going "down into it," sort of like sinking into a depression. You can get into it hard and fast, approaching it at about 9,200 RPM at the end of the front straightaway—about 900 horsepower at that point. You decelerate slightly by feathering (easing up slightly) the throttle to about 8,400 RPM, and by the middle of the turn you are down to 8,000, mainly because the car is turning (drifting). And then you are back on the accelerator again and coming off the turn at about 8,400 RPM.

Right out of Turn One is a short straightaway where the cars accelerate all the way across, but only get up to about 9,700 because it is not very far across it.

Turn Two is sort of flat and the wind is usually blowing down the back straightaway toward you, so the front end of the car tends to push toward the wall as you drive through the corner, producing a lot of understeer. Most drivers prefer to adjust the chassis so that it is a little "looser" or easier to slide. You run through Two at almost full throttle and come off at 8,500 RPM, a little higher than One because you have entered slightly faster. And when you come out, you are right against the outside wall.

For some reason you can usually run a little faster down the back straight-

away. It seems to be a little more wide open, so when you get to Number Three you are really moving.

Unlike One, Turn Three is level. You don't get any feeling at all of "going down into it." It just sort of stands up there and you drive right around it. You "steer" all the way through it as opposed to drifting through the other turns.

Then there is the short stretch up to the North end before you approach Turn Four.

Four seems to be banked more than Two and you can run through it harder than any of the turns. If you come off of it wide, you encounter another of Indy's irregularities: There is a little hump that causes the car to jump over about a foot toward the wall. It is nothing dangerous, but it puts the car about four inches from the concrete barrier. It is one of those things you learn about a track, and when it happens, you expect it.

With the difference in the turns you still drive them all about the same way. Most importantly, when you are going through a turn you want to keep the car going in as much of a straight line as possible because it requires less power. Instead of merely going straight down the middle of the track you must go very wide as you enter and then drive across the turn. In the center of the turn you barely touch the inside line,



and then you drive it straight toward the wall at the end of the corner, coming off only inches from the concrete.

When you enter, you float the throttle just a little, drive across the turn and then get back on it hard just as the car starts turning down. From there, when you are running straight, you use as much power as possible so that you can maintain maximum horsepower.

This all applies to a race car that is all alone on a particular part of the track. Obviously, when you add racing's other ingredient, competition—in the form of traffic—there is a different set of rules.

If you are catching up to a car, you have to be able to judge where you are



Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Here at the Speedway
everybody has a gimmick...
almost everybody.
Try picking the one who
doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's "Third Turn" Abanian. Has been in 263 races. Gimmick: always loses control on third turn where Bubbles Ficklem stands (see #5 below). He doesn't smoke. His car does.
2. No. Second-Hand Sam Slick, used car dealer. Gimmick: buys what's left of Abanian's cars. Smokes "pre-owned" cigars.

3. Herdy. He's Reggie J. Van Phynque II. Gimmick: filthy rich. Wears cashmere toupee. Smokes double-vented cigarette. **4.** Right. He likes his racing without far-out beds or gimmicks. Wants his cigarette that way, too. Camel Filters. Honest, no-nonsense. Fine tobacco. Easy and good tasting. **5.** Bubbles Ficklem, racing groupie. Gimmick: 18 stopwatches... with Mickey Mouse hands. Smokes Felines. **6.** Felini. Gimmick: never sees a race, too busy following other sports events on portable TV and radio.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 73.

going to be able to pass him. When you first start gaining on him you have to first figure out what line he is taking through the corners and then what part of the track you are actually gaining most on him.

If one race car is faster it is usually because it is getting through the corners quicker. This is where most races are won. The best drivers are the ones who drive deeper into the corners and come off faster and smoother. This is usually a combination of ability, nerve and determination, which is, perhaps, the definition of a winner.



It is relatively easy to pass a slower car in the straight, but is difficult to pass a car there when you are racing with it—one that is running about the same speed as you. So, if you are getting off the corners faster, you usually wait until you get to Turns Two or Four before you overtake him. You follow him through One or Three and down the short straights, because there isn't room enough to pass there. You would have to be right beside him by the middle of the straight and, even then, when he goes down into the next turn, he is going to pinch you off.

You sort of float back there and when you get to Two or Four, where you can run through hard and you have long straights ahead of you so you can get the job done, you time it so that you come off the corner right beside him. If you are racing hard with someone who is going through in the fastest groove, you have to be able to run right through the middle of the turn and then tuck in just a little beneath him as you come off the corner. If you follow the same line, you will either come off beside him or right behind him. If you are behind, you wait and pick up the slight



of cars that were going 50 MPH slower than yours, you would feel like you were flying, but, generally, everybody is running about the same pace, so there is not a big sensation of speed. The cars are designed to do what they are doing, and they feel about like running a passenger car on the highway at 60 MPH. At times, you feel like you are walking. Of course, you know otherwise, but there is no sensation like "my god, I'm going 190 MPH." Not even in a turn.

For one thing, when you get into a turn you are so busy you don't have time to think of sensations. You have to drive the car about 400 or 500 feet in front of you at all times, so you have made up your mind what you are going to do even before you get there. You know exactly how you are going to set the car up for the turn, so it is merely a matter of carrying out your plans.

As a guide, you find something at a point on the straight that you lift by—a tree or bush or sign. Anything. And you lift your accelerator foot there, feather the throttle carefully and let the car drift until you feel it set. Now you have that straight line through the turn and you nail the accelerator and run

draft (the air stream from his car) then pull out and pass him at the top of the straightaway.

By the end of the straight this year, cars will probably be hitting 168 to 190 MPH, assuming that average lap speeds are in the 176-178 MPH bracket. And this brings up another impression most fans wonder about. What physical sensation of speed is there in a race car while going 190 MPH in traffic? The answer is simple: Practically none!

Going down the straightaway everything is sort of dormant. It is all relative, of course, and if you had a bunch





Hear the light.

**Powerplay at work...
producing the most powerful, purest sound.**

Craig's Powerplay™ gives you several times the output of conventional car stereo players. The red light tells you all about it. Turns on when you're using our higher power range. Pulsates in the tempo of the sound. Reminds you you're enjoying greater sound volume with lower distortion.

To be sure you reach peak performance and reliability, use only Craig Powerplay Speakers. They are specifically designed for the high power levels produced by the Powerplay Players.

Hear the light—see your Craig dealer.



**CRAIG
POWERPLAY™
CAR STEREO**

Craig Corporation, 921 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, California 90220

right through it. If there is any sensation, you have not had time to feel it. There are too many other things to think about.

We all ignore fatigue in the same manner. Late in the race your arms get tired and your hands ache, but you hardly ever notice it until something goes wrong—an ailing engine or a failing suspension. Then it all hits you. Exhaustion. Or you may notice it at a caution flag. Then, when you are driving along, waiting for them to get what-ever happened cleared up, you might notice that your hands ache or your



back or shoulders hurt. But you never realize it until you slow down.

It is a grueling grind and most race drivers lose between 7 and 12 pounds during an Indy 500. You have to stay in top physical shape, so an almost total absence of fatigue during the race might be a combination of training and your attention being focused on more immediate things.

When you first see the yellow flag you don't even have time then to worry

about your body. The first thought is to get into the pits for fuel and possibly tires and back out again before the green light comes back on, thereby saving yourself precious time off the course while the other cars are at full speed.

Pit stops are going to be more vital in 1974 than they have ever been because of the decrease in onboard fuel capacity from 75 to 40 gallons. It will be super important for drivers to make good, clean, fast pit stops. Even two-way radios between the pit and the race car will help the driver tell the pit crew what to expect when he comes in.



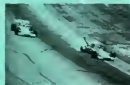
While in the pits, the paramount thought is in maintaining your position out there on the track, so you keep one eye on the straightaway and the other on the tire changing or fueling operations. (They automatically refuel at every pit stop, so you can expect that.)

Many problems can arise in the pits, from fire to engine stalling, so it is always a feeling of great relief when your crew chief puts you on the helmet and you roar out of the pits, knowing you

have a good, fast pit stop behind you.

In fact, a pit stop is about the only thing at Indy that a driver worries about. Certainly he doesn't worry about accidents. He may be aware of their existence but he seldom, if ever, talks about it. Confidence seems to be the Number One requisite for competition at Indy.

But drivers are equipped for the unexpected, too. If, for instance, you lose the back end coming off a corner, you have a fair amount of control. If the car is going to slide it might go all the way around, so you have to try to determine

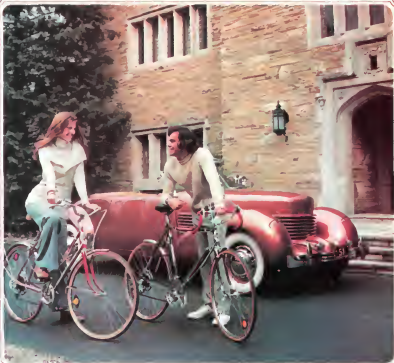


if it is going 180 or 360 degrees. If it feels like its going 360 you have to try to judge how much room you have and what, if anything, is in the way.

If there is room, you let it spin the full 360 without touching the brakes, and then you try to "catch" it when it gets all the way around—you correct the steering wheel and get back on the accelerator hard, hoping to keep going the same way without hitting anything. If you see that it is not going to make



Classics in their own time.



Bicycles: Men's — Huffy Conquest model 2798T — 10 Speed
Ladies — Huffy Regal model 2245T — 5 Speed

A classic... tasteful styling combined with superb craftsmanship produces a product of enduring appeal. With over 50 years of manufacturing experience, Huffy has been building quality bicycles before some classics were a twinkle in the designer's eye.

In 1974 Huffy offers a full line of lightweight bicycles built to take you where you want to go... in style. Available in 10, 5, 3 and single

speed models, there's a wide selection of styles, sizes and colors with one just right for you. All are quality built and equipped with the finest components and features for smooth efficient operation and years of cycling fun.

And in the Huffy tradition of value, all are priced so reasonably that practically everyone can afford their own Huffy classic.

Models and colors vary slightly on the West Coast.



THE HUFFMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO AND AZUSA, CALIF.



it without hitting something, you lock up the brakes and hope that it stops in time. You hope.

If the back end jumps out and it is just sliding along sideways, you have to sit there and hope that by correcting the wheel right it will sort of "gather itself up" and go on. If it gets too far sideways, it could mean real trouble. With the wheel corrected right and the car slowing down, there is always the chance that the rear tires might get traction and cause the car to hook. This is a hopeless and helpless feeling, because once it hooks you are going to spin around and hit the outside wall head-on. There is no stopping it.

This is why you see race drivers sitting there in a sliding car, turning the wheel back straight periodically. They are trying to get a feel of when it might

stop sliding, and they are trying to prevent the car from hooking.

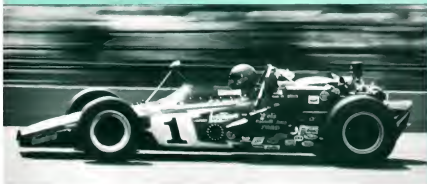
There is not a lot of time to think about how it feels to crash in a race car, or even spin, for that matter, because you are very busy trying to avoid the worst.

But if you see an accident ahead of you, you might have time to avoid it. If there is enough time to react you can drive above the accident, or between spinning cars or down into the infield. Race drivers try to avoid the infield because once you get on the grass you have no directional control, no traction. But you only have one chance and if you must drive into the infield it is important to get the car going as straight as possible before leaving the track and back on quickly after you are past the accident, otherwise you will probably



spin down there.

Naturally, you must slow the car down at times and you can lock up race car brakes without the fear of sliding sideways. Racing brakes are true and efficient. In fact, most of the parts on the car, from tires to spark plugs, have been track-tested, so drivers have confidence in their cars mechanically.



Burnished metal, meticulously machined. Flawless optical glass, precisely ground. This is what comes of technology rightly used. The Canon F-1. Perfection in its balance, its smooth performance, its versatility. More than 200 accessories. Over 40 interchangeable lenses, all of which are accepted by Canon's other superb SLR's, the Canon FTb, TLb and the new electronic EF. All manufactured to Canon's rigorous standards of precision. Each outstanding in its own right. For more information, see your Canon dealer. Or write Dept. S-1, Canon USA.



Canon

Canon USA, Inc., 100 Nevada Drive, Lake Success, New York, 11040
 Canon USA, Inc., 457 Fullerton Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois 60120
 Canon USA, Inc., 135 East Piquette Avenue, Costa Mesa, California 92626
 Canon Optics & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario



Most drivers can tell immediately if something is going wrong, too. There is a kind of rhythm going on with the car, certain vibrations that tell the driver all is well. You can't really hear the engine because it is behind you, but usually when anything changes that rhythm, you know something is wrong and you start looking at the gauges. You might be running by yourself when suddenly another car pulls right up behind you. It changes the whole sound. You know something is different. Everything is

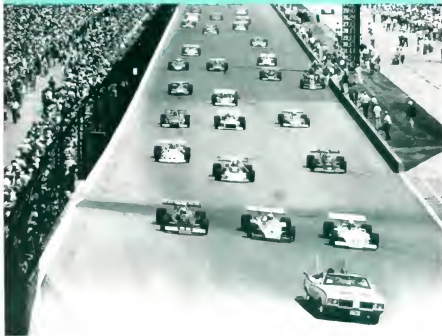
louder and you are in sort of a vacuum. You check your gauges, and then the rear-vision mirror. And there he is.

The same is true with the handling of the car. You get used to the way the suspension pulsates. You can feel it in the tips of your fingers, and you know how it feels on every part of the track. If it changes the slightest bit you begin to look for tire wear or weakened suspension parts. And you warn your pit crew.

But if everything is right and all of

your calculations are correct, if you come off the corners just right and set up each turn properly and you avoid accidents and your car stays together, then, after 200 laps, there is the great sensation. Right down in the middle of the front straightaway stands the starter with the checkered flag held high over his head. And if he waves it at you as you pass by, it has all been worthwhile. The aches are gone and the vibrations turn to music. You have won the Indianapolis 500.

BY BILL NEELY



THE MARK OF A FINE BILLFOLD IS HOW EASILY YOU CAN GET WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT, OUT OF IT.



Prince Gardner billfolds are designed to hold plenty. More important, they're designed so you can find what you want, when you want it. Without stumbling, fumbling, searching and dropping.

We make our billfolds in a wide variety of styles, colors and finishes.

What's more, every billfold we make is just as slim and trim as we can make it.

Because we also know that a billfold can never fit the life you lead, if it doesn't fit the clothes you wear.

Prince Gardner Leather Accessories from \$2.50



PRINCE GARDNER®

© 1999 Prince Gardner Leather Accessories, Inc. All rights reserved.

Coleman Coolers and Jugs: backyard to backwoods, cold you can count on.

Camping, picnics, boating, ballgames, backyard get-togethers . . . however you enjoy the great outdoors, Coleman coolers and jugs help you keep your food and drinks cold and fresh.

And now Coleman gives you a broader choice than ever: 14 colorful models, plastic and metal, that are built to work overtime holding the cold.

Take Coleman's rugged Poly-Lite® plastic coolers. Four light-weight, heavy-duty coolers with high-density Polyethylene case. Choose friction-fitting hinged or removable lids, sizes from 30- to 75-quart capacity. You won't find a cooler easier to handle or care for.

Or Coleman's dependable Snow-Lite® metal coolers, long the standard for portable refrigeration. Six models that feature durable steel cover, baked enamel finish, rust-proof plastic base. In sizes from colossal 80- to convenient 28-quart capacity.

And Coleman Snow-Lite® jugs, four models that hold from one to three gallons. Each has rust-proof plastic base, an inner lid that doubles as a cup, and Fast Flo faucet that empties a gallon a minute.

All Coleman coolers and jugs are made with Polyurethane insulation. The same kind you find in a \$800 refrigerator. All liners are one-piece plastic. So they're easy to clean, won't leak or stain.

Backyard to backwoods, Coleman can fill your cooling needs.

**Ask someone
who has one.**



If baseball's your game... we've got two great games for you!



First **PENNANT RACE**—the exciting new board game that lets you be the manager of today's Big League teams and stars.

Think of it! You can play ball with every one of your favorites—from Aaron Allen, Bench Blue, Bonds Carew, Carlton Cedeno, Fisk Hunter and Jenkins to Mayberry, Murcer, McCovey, Otis Rose, Ryan Seaver Wood and Yaz. They're all here... plus hundreds more!

And you call the shots! You pick your team, set your lineup and batting order, call for the steal, go for the extra base, bunt, pinch-hit, send your starter to the showers and bring in your ace reliever... in short, you make all the moves of a Big League Manager!

How does the game play?

Fast and easy... and super-realistically! You see, we've done all the work so you can have all the fun! We've "scouted" all 24 Big League teams and 468 top players by computer-analyzing the play-by-play records of the Big League season. And we've converted all this information into individual Player Performance Cards (one for each star).

These easy-to-use cards are your tickets to baseball action. They'll put you right down on the dugout steps at Wrigley Field, Chicago; at wind-swept Candlestick Park in San Francisco; at Yankee Stadium; Fenway Park, the Astro-dome... all around the leagues... as manager of your favorite Big League teams and stars!

So don't delay. Get in on the excitement of **PENNANT RACE**! today. To order, use the coupon below. (If you're a dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan, you won't stop there. You'll want to order our **ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL** Game, too!)

Enjoy **ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL**, too!

This action-packed game is for anyone who likes baseball at its best. It lets you play ball with the 400 top players of all time. Guys like Hank Aaron, Roberto Clemente, Ty Cobb, Lou Gehrig, Al Kaline, Sandy Koufax, Willie Mays, Mel Ott, Babe Ruth, Brooks and Frank and Jackie Robinson, Tim Lincecum, Honus Wagner, Cy Young and hundreds more... each one playing for one of the original 16 American and National League teams.

Imagine the super games you can schedule... the great man-to-man battles you can set up... with **SI ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL**. You can pit the all-time great Yankees vs. the Giants or Dodgers. The White Sox vs. the Cubs in the Battle of Chicago. The Reds vs. the Pirates. The Braves vs. the Red

Sox. You can match today's all-time greats against those of the past. Hank Aaron against fire-balling Walter "Big Train" Johnson. Ty Cobb vs. Juan Marichal. Babe Ruth vs. Ferguson Jenkins. Lou Gehrig vs. "Sudden Sam" McDowell. "Three-finger" Mordecai Brown vs. Dick Allen. You name it!

Special Offer... Buy Both Games... Save \$3.40!

PENNANT RACE and **ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL** cost \$9.95 each (plus 50¢ postage & handling)... but you can now buy both games at our Special Offer price of \$17.50. That's a savings of \$3.40. To order use the coupon below. (If someone has beaten you to it, just send your name, address and check or money order to: Sports Illustrated Games, Box 619, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10020.)

These exciting games are produced and distributed at retail by April House, Inc., of Lenexa, Kansas. Look for the **april house** displays at fine retailers in your area.

COUPON

Sports Illustrated Games

Box 619, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10020

Please send me:

— **PENNANT RACE**—featuring today's Big League teams and stars—@ \$9.95, plus 50¢ postage & handling

— **ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL**—featuring the greatest players of all time—@ \$9.95, plus 50¢ postage & handling

— Both games @ the Special Offer price of \$17.50 (I save \$3.40)

My check ☐ money order ☐ for \$_____ is enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery. Sorry, no Canadian orders can be accepted.)

14057

It takes 900,000 people to make life and health insurance America's most personal business.

Your life is too complicated, too individual, too special to be covered by a rubber stamp.

That's why the life and health insurance business employs so many people with such diverse skills and comprehensive training. In any given year, for example, over one-quarter of the entire work force of life and health insurance people are in training to learn more about their business.

You may think it's simple to become a life or health insurance agent. Our agents don't. The fledgling agent has to pass a test to get his license to sell insurance. Then, in order to be better informed, he enrolls in programs sponsored by his own company as well as special courses prepared by The Life Underwriter Training Council.

Many go on to become Chartered Life Underwriters (CLU's) by completing courses given by the American College of Life Underwriters. That designation is tantamount to an advanced academic degree.

Is there more? Lots more.

There are courses and classes for the actuaries, doctors, lawyers, computer people, security analysts, even the people who answer the telephone; thousands and thousands of people who know how important their help is to you — and why not? They are, after all, people just like you.

The Chairman of our Consumer Affairs Committee has said, "People have very personal problems. The solutions to those problems should be equally personal."

That's why there are 900,000 of us.

For free booklets giving basic information on life insurance and health insurance, write to the Institute of Life Insurance, Dept. B-1, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

America's 900,000 life and health insurance people. What we're doing makes a difference.





BOOTS AND SHOES FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS



The living end for the long lean jean look is a pair of denim brushed leather Bounders. They're tabbed for timely toggery. Or, if the hills and trails are your number then tie-up with other Wood N' Stream styles designed with glove soft, antiqued leathers. You can track 'em down now at your nearby sporting goods dealer, shoe or department store.

- 660 — Denim blue brushed leather U throat 8" shoe padded collar, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82
- 680 — Denim blue brushed leather U throat 8" shoe padded collar, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82
- 670 — Strike leather chukka boot, Saddle Tan leather, patented non-slip sole and heel. Vulcanized Process 82
- 602 — Tecklen brown plain toe speed lace blucher oxford, padded collar, lug sole. Vulcanized Process 82

Exclusively Made by
weinbrenner SHOE COMPANY
MERRILL, WISCONSIN
A Division of Ray-Tite Co., Inc.

VISIT ONE OF THESE FINE WOOD N' STREAM DEALERS SOON!

CALIFORNIA
Clear Lake Highlands
Cunning
Fremont
McMinnville
Oakland
Placerville
San Diego
San Francisco
San Jose
Santa Rosa
Sunnyvale
Tucker Park

CONNECTICUT
Berlin
East Hartford
Meriden
New Britain
New Haven
New Milford
New Rochelle

FLORIDA
Live Oak
ILLINOIS
Aurora
Beverly
Chicago
Crystal Lake
Evanston
Highland Park
Lombard
Naperville
Springfield

INDIANA
Ellettsville
Indianapolis

IDAHO
Spencer
KANSAS
Centerville
Hutchinson
Pawnee
Seneca

KENTUCKY
Harrodsburg
MAINE
Portland
Saco
Winthrop

MARYLAND
Lanham
Owings Mills

Gila Shores
The Shoe Tree
Beth's Thonggood
The Shoe Store
Casper's (all stores)
Cash-McGinnis
Universal Boot Shops
The Emporium (all stores)
John's Thonggood Shoe Stores
McGregor's Regar
Overs Thonggood
Overs Thonggood

Mickey Fox Store
Sassette Dept. Store
Farr's
Eaton's
Broadway Stores
Joe Mota Shoe Store
Gordon Factory Outlet

Family Cobbler
Mayden Sport Center
Howard Shoes
Brinkley
New Era Store
Egan's Shoe & Supply
Mike's Shoe Store
Sportman
Sportman
Itali Sporting Goods

Benjamin Bros.
Benjamin Bros.
Redmonds Shoe Store
A. E. Myers
Hultschmidt Registry
Fidelity Outer Shoes
Lutz Mens Wear

Vernon's Boot & Shoe
Porteus Mitchell & Brown Co.
Benjamin Shoes

Lights Shoes & Repair
Garrison Bootery

MASSACHUSETTS
Brookline
Framingham
Lynn
Blackburn
Goodman Shoe Store
Westford
Weymouth

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor
Bremen City
Detroit
East Lansing
Farmington
Flint
Farmington
Gladwin
Jackson
Lansing
Livonia
Newport
Oscoda
Royal Oak
Saginaw
Troy City
Union City
Whitman

MINNESOTA
Elk
Minneapolis
Park Rapids
Two Harbors

MISSOURI
Chester
Ferguson
Jefferson
Moberly
Springfield
St. Louis

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Rochester
NEW JERSEY
Spartanburg
Lakewood
NEW YORK
Brooklyn
Long Island
Long Island
Long Island

NORTH CAROLINA
Cape Fear
Charlotte
Charlotte
Charlotte

OHIO
Dayton
Lancaster
Tolono

Harry's Shoe Store
Patterson Shoes
Murray's
Besse Shoe Store
Gordon Shoe Store
Ed-Monroe Shoe
Besse Shoe Store

Con's Shoes Inc.
Brown City Shoe Store
Hanger Sport Shop Inc.
Campus Sports
Kerley's Shoes
Carl Shumaker Sports
Fashion Shoes
Genes Shoe Store
Genes Shoe Store
P. K. Fashion Store
Fashion Shoes
Edgewise Shoe Store
Loyola Dept. Store
Nashville Sport Mart
Morley's Sport Center
Palmadon Shoes
Whitlock's Shoes
Tate's Shoes

By Family Shoes
Edwards Clothing
Edwards Family Shoes
Ruth Shoes

Factory Outlet Shoes
Ferguson Dept. Store
South Shore Bar Shop
Factory Outlet Shoes
Glasgow Mens Wear
Larkin Footwear
Miner Shoe Store

Fazio's
Gene's Sports
Bobkoff's Footwear Inc.
Rev Dept. Store
A. & B. Sport Center
Central Shoe Store

Model Clothing
American Sportswear
Harvey Enterprises

OKLAHOMA
Edmond
Enid
Grove
Oklahoma City
Shawnee
Tulsa

OREGON
Grants Pass
Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Carlisle
Chambersburg
East Earl
Ephrata
Jennett
Reno
Lewisburg
Luzerne
Meadville
Milton
Morgantown
Pottsville
Pottsville
Ridgely
Shenandoah
York

SOUTH CAROLINA
Greenville

TENNESSEE
Kingsport
Nashville

TEXAS
Arlington
Houston
Kermit
Virginia
Waco
Waco

WISCONSIN
Kenosha
Lafayette
South Milwaukee
St. Croix Falls
Wausau
West Allis

General Supply
Lancaster Sales
Sportswear Inc.

Kennner Shoe Store
Colbert
Charles Shop
Stockman's Shoes
Hill Street
Ridgely, Inc.

The Golden Rule
All's Family Shoe Store

Shoefly Bros.
Sporting Goods Inc.
R. & R. Sporting Goods
Good's Store
T. J. Sports Den
Kington Shoe
Hub Shoe Company
Lewiston's Shoes
Merrill Shoe Store
Rudy's Shoe Store
Lewiston's Shoes
Sporter Dept. Store
Hosler's

Davis Sporting Goods
Trit Shoe Shack
Shenandoah Shoe Store
J. & S. Sporting Goods

Suburban Shoe Center
Quincy Shoe Shop
The Athletic Supply
R. M. M. Sporting Goods
Rudy Shoes

Suburban Shoe Center
Charles Smith Inc.
Rockingham Co. Co.
Coe & Son
Chaparral Shoes
Archie Shoes
Bells Inc.
St. Charles Sports
Bannan's Shoe Store
Faulstich's Shoes

Are taxes killing your financial freedom? Merrill Lynch has a little-known way to fight back.

Municipal bonds that sell at a discount.

They offer you a *two-edged* saving if you're in a higher tax bracket.

First, the interest you get is currently *free* from Federal income taxes.

Second, you buy these bonds at as much as 20 percent or more off face value. So when the bonds mature, you get an automatic long-term capital gain—generally taxed at only half your ordinary income tax rate.

Different investments for different people.

Of course, discount municipals aren't a cure-all. If you're in a relatively low tax bracket, they'd probably give you less income than corporate bonds. That's why Merrill Lynch thinks differ-

ent people need different kinds of investments.

So we give you 29 ways to invest. Old ways, like corporate bonds. Newer ways, like Government National Mortgage Association Pass Through securities.

Talk to a good listener.

We also give you an Account Executive whose training cost Merrill Lynch more than \$15,000. We taught him to listen. To your problems, needs and goals.

He'll work with you. And think with you. On a one-to-one basis. At Merrill Lynch, you're never a mere number in a computer bank.

We can give you recommendations on many different kinds of

investments. Every year, for example, we handle *billions* of dollars worth of fixed income investments, such as corporate bonds. So we *know* the business. When it comes to stocks, we have more security analysts than any other broker in the U.S. Enough to follow scores of industries in depth.

You don't have to start big.

At Merrill Lynch we want your business—whether it's \$100 or \$100,000. We give you something in return: the assurance of dealing with a strong, confident leader. Merrill Lynch is bullish on America.

Ask us to help you fight for your financial freedom.

**Merrill Lynch,
Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc**





We're grazing in tonier pastures now.

At The Guys, we breed our famous City Breeds for the best of both worlds. With a Goat, you get the best of both worlds. You get a beautiful animal of the quality you've always admired. Delicious. The guys' admission.

The Guys
CITY BREEDS®

© 2000 The Guys, Inc.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

BEFORE THE FALL

It is hardly a novel thought that television now calls the big shots in college football. Outrageous as it may have seemed to some, moving the Georgia Tech-Notre Dame game from Nov. 9 into summertime TV in order to beat the pros to the first Monday night spot of the year was merely the extension of a trend. The financially pressed colleges began quite a while ago to lengthen their season and—not incidentally—to inflate the value of their contract with ABC. This year it is \$16 million, a handsome bundle to be cut up among the colleges and the NCAA.

UCLA and Tennessee, for another 1974 example, open on Sept. 7, two days before Tech and Notre Dame. This means the four teams will begin practice somewhere in the middle of August, as much as 41 days, in the case of UCLA, before eligible freshmen attend their first classes. Should any of the teams make it to a New Year's Day bowl game, it would be playing a 4½-month season, quite a lot of extracurricular activity for freshman student-athletes (the NCAA's preferred designation) trying to adjust to the academic life. Where, college presidents might well ask themselves, does this end? Their season now is almost as long as the pros'.

OFFER

Sign in a New York City bakery window: "25% off for Sreakers (If in Uniform!)"

BEST'S BEST

Thousands of soccer fans turned out on a wet and chilly evening recently to welcome the Seattle Sounders in their home debut. Just before the game a rather touching ceremony took place. The Sounders, made up of nine Englishmen, three Dutchmen, one Irishman and four Americans, lined up at midfield and waved in salute to the 12,132 spectators.

After beating Denver 4-0, the team returned to midfield, lined up and waved

again. This time the happy crowd waved back. Sounder Coach John Best, a former star player in England, explained the unusual, sporting gesture. "We just felt like it. I thought to myself, 'Here's a bridge between the team and the fans. Let's show them how we feel.'" It felt fine all around.

Best's way with the English language was also charming in explaining the referee's signals, unfamiliar to some of the crowd. When the referee holds a yellow card over his head as he whistles for a foul, that is his way of saying, in Best's words, "I am cautioning you, sir. I am noting down your name because what you have done is completely out of character with this game. And if you continue, I shall be forced to eject you."

Gentlemen, that's soccer.

REBILITATION SOLUTION

The defeat of Australia by India in the Davis Cup must get some people to thinking seriously about a new format for the old competition. Both Australia and the U.S. (which was knocked off in January by Colombia) lost because their best players either could not play or would not because of better money deals elsewhere, a circumstance the Australians had hoped to obviate by setting up a special Davis Cup trust (SCORECARD, March 11). As a result, a sham has been made of the whole competition. It is as if the Miami Dolphins lost the NFL title by using their taxi squad in the first round of conference playoffs.

The obvious solution, long proposed, is to bring together eight or 16 teams (some seeded by a board of international experts) in a concentrated tournament in one location—like the soccer World Cup. This would attract great interest and considerable receipts, at the gate and from television. A playoff pool could be established to make it worth the players' while. The best time would be in July, right after Wimbledon, or in the fall, as the season ends. All the best players would play, and the best team would win.

For the rest of this strange year almost anything can happen; it is not inconceivable that South Africa will win the Davis Cup by default if it faces opponents whose governments do not permit competition with the land of *apartheid*. Anyway, the Davis Cup is bound to be won by a newcomer. Since its beginning in 1900, only four nations—the U.S., France, England and Australia—have ever won the cup. Of the four, France is the only one remaining and is a real long shot. It will almost surely be eliminated by Nastase and the other Rumanians in Bucharest in July.

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

Photograph captions in a brochure published by Colorado's Travel Development Section say in a few words what a thousand photographs have not succeeded



ed in getting across to a sometimes thoughtless public. Some examples:

"From the rim of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, an empty tin can will fall 2,425 feet."

"Over billions of years screaming winds and crashing waters formed the sunset escarpment of the Colorado National Monument. Bill Young, Millville Union High School, Class of '64, signed his name to the sculpture."

"This tree was born in the time of Joan of Arc. It may have sheltered Running Deer and his young Ute squaw, been observed by Padre Juan de Cordoba, drawn lightning away from Jim Bridger. It does show that Bruce loves Helen."

continued

"The wind that sighs gently through the high, lonely cables of the Royal George Bridge can blow a greasy popcorn bag seven miles east."

THE WOOING OF WALTON

While Bill Walton remains incommunicado, others in on the negotiations that preceded his decision to sign with the NBA instead of the ABA reveal a tale unlike any before it in professional basketball. The main ingredients are luck (Portland's and the NBA's), determination (the ABA's), honor (Walton's) and, as far as can be determined in Walton's absence, a voice from above (Jerry West's).

Luck came with the coin toss for the first draft pick between the NBA's two worst teams, Portland and Philadelphia. Had the 76ers won, Walton today would be in the ABA; his chief adviser, Sam Gilbert, and ABA Commissioner Mike Storen agree on that. From the beginning Walton, a native of Southern California, insisted he would not leave the Pacific Coast. If Oregon, with its persistent rainfall, was no sunny California, it was properly elemental by Walton's thinking compared with the chill winters of Philadelphia.

The ABA did everything but turn the U.S. map inside out to land Walton. It offered to place a team in Los Angeles to accommodate him. It agreed to put other UCLA players, beginning with Keith Wilkes and Tommy Curtis, on the same team. When it suspected that Walton—who Gilbert says never made any demands on either league—was disturbed that his L.A. team would be a weak expansion club, it offered to shift the powerful Carolina Cougars, with Billy Cunningham, et al., to the West Coast to become his teammates.

The ABA put up more money—\$600,000 more to be exact—than the NBA did. The Portland offer was \$1.9 million for five years, the ABA's was \$2.5 million. Both offers were in real money, up front and all in cash. The younger league also worked out the details of a tentative agreement with West, who had breakfasted frequently with Walton, to coach the new team in L.A. But West never signed an ABA contract because Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke, hardly overjoyed at the thought of a Walton-led rival in his territory, headed West off with a hefty new deal. He will be paid handsomely to either

play or work in the Laker front office for seasons to come.

Walton took to the hills for 16 hours of meditation before announcing his decision. Gilbert was surprised at his choice but thinks West may have had something to do with it. "I doubt I really influenced him," says West. But he had emphasized at those breakfasts that if Walton wanted the best competition he should play in the NBA and he pointed out that the NBA was a more stable league and the travel was easier.

Whatever the reason, Walton may have given up \$600,000 for nothing. Secret merger negotiations have been going on in recent months, and the NBA Players Association, which has blocked previous merger attempts, may take action at its convention in Acapulco this week that would make a marriage between the two leagues imminent. Should it work out that way, Walton may be all wet in going to Portland.

ASTRONOMATH

The odds against two people drawing a royal flush in the same seven-card poker hand were said to be uncomputable by those who watched just such a hand unfold before their very eyes last March in Las Vegas. "Astronomical," gasped a spokesman at the Sahara Hotel casino when Frank Rosen of Chicago turned over 10 through ace in spades and Joe Esposito of Las Vegas countered with a club royal flush.

Nonsense, says Dr. Allan N. Wilson, an aerospace computer-programming specialist from La Jolla, Calif., who is used to dealing in subjects astronomical. Author of the book *The Casino Gambler's Guide*, which, curiously, covers all casino games except poker, Wilson says that the chance of two specific players getting royal flushes simultaneously can be estimated very roughly as 1 in 30,940 x 30,940, or about 1 in 960,000,000. But the hands are linked, not independent, so the more exact calculation gives 3 in 2,260,003,460, or essentially 1 in 753,334,487. Wait. The more people in the game the lower the odds. With six in the game, Wilson figures the chances would be about 1 in 50,000,000 hardly your light-year statistic—more, Wilson speculates, like once every 20 years.

Oh, the pot. It was a 10c ante, \$2-limit game. For their once-in-20-years shot, Rosen and Esposito split about a pound of bacon and new shoes for hahy.

ASTRODROU

Physics, not mathematics, probably will have to solve this one, for which the possible odds against a recurrence seem truly astronomical. Bowling at normal speed on a Seattle lane last month, Larry Drennon took out the front 1-2-3-5 pins and then his ball stopped dead, right there in the middle. Left standing were the 4-6-7-8-9-10 with a fallen pin lying precariously between the ball and the 8-9-6. Like magic, which may have been the case. The name of the place is Magic Lanes.

TOP SECRET

The National Hockey League spends some \$2 million each year scouting amateur players. The rival World Hockey Association goes for perhaps \$200,000 at the most and last year got away with the cost of a newspaper. Clipping the results of the NHL draft, WHA teams went after the other league's highest picks and in some cases signed the players after convincing them that they wouldn't make it in the NHL right away.

"We're not going to let them do that again," said Bill Torrey, general manager of the NHL's New York Islanders. Unless the WHA has a tap on NHL telephones, the NHL draft next week will be secret. League headquarters in Montreal will call each club in order and ask the name of its selection. If the player has already been taken, the club will continue to choose until it hits a fresh prospect. The final list will not be published, no team will know the others' choices—and if the cover-up lasts more than a week there are going to be people in Washington wanting to take lessons.

THEY SAID IT

- Brian Downing, Chicago White Sox catcher, whose eligibility for the 1974 American League Rookie of the Year award was questioned and then confirmed: "I'm a rookie. It says so on my bubble-gum card."
- Alex Karras, on Washington Coach George Allen: "He's great to the old guys. He's got one trainer just to treat varicose veins."
- Bob Miller, N.Y. Mets relief pitcher, telling why he changed his name from Gimenwesner: "I couldn't pronounce it myself."
- Nancy Dunkle, 6'2" basketball player, on how she hoped to cope with 6'11" and 6'7" Russian opponents: "Bite their knees."

END



**Delta is an air line run by professionals.
Like Russ Worth.**

Russ made his first airline flight over 22 years ago. Since that time, he has flown the DC-4, the DC-6, the DC-8 and the DC-9 jet. Now he's a Delta 727 Captain with over 15,000 hours and 6 million miles under his seat belt.

Russ Worth is a Captain you can count on.
And Delta has over a thousand more like him.
Delta is ready when you are.

DELTA
SYSTEMS BY FLYE MAP



© 1984 Delta Air Lines, Inc.
Delta is a registered trademark of Delta Air Lines, Inc.
All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

NO MIRRORS NOW, SIR

Jim Wynn, the Los Angeles Dodger outfielder, may fairly be described as a proponent of the principle first espoused in the Babylonian Talmud—and later disputed by Songwriter Hawley Franck (*Moss on Honest Heart Man Beat Beneath a Ragged Coat*)—that “clothes make the man.”

Or as Wynn commented one day last week, while seated stark naked before his alabaster Dodger double-knits, “There is a magic in this uniform.” In truth, the Dodger costume seems to have imparted occult powers to Wynn, who is off to the flashiest start of a 12-year career, previously spent in Houston, that had been distinguished mainly by unpredictability.

As the week ended Wynn was leading the National League in home runs (12) and runs batted in (37) and was tied for the lead in runs scored (32) and bases on balls (34). His batting average was approaching .330 and he was playing center field and running the bases with such daring and aplomb that cultish Southern Californians were prepared to build one around him.

Actually, Wynn's considerable achievements were only slightly above the norm on a team that seems to be playing in a league all of its own. Fresh from a nine-game winning streak, the Dodgers were nearly 200 percentage points better than any team in either league. They were leading their division by seven games and pacing both leagues in almost every major batting and pitching category as well.

It was pitching and magic that put the Dodgers on top the last time. Now they have pitching—and such power, notably the cannon named Wynn, they may rise out of sight

by RON FIMRITE

Their fans, a curious mixture of collegians, suburbanites, car hops, tourists and film celebrities, were showing up in droves at their lush, palm-decorated stadium in Chavez Ravine. The Dodgers passed a half million in attendance on Friday when 53,927, including Jack Benny, turned out for yet another Henry Aaron tribute. It was the team's 19th home date, which averages out to 27,000 customers per game.

The fans were by no means being shortchanged. In the first game of a doubleheader with Houston last Wednesday, attended by 33,018, the Dodgers blew a 3-0 lead in the top half of the fifth inning when the Astros scored six runs. In their half of the same inning, the Dodgers scored seven. They won the second game more routinely 10-2.

During that long evening the spectators were also entertained by Bill Buckner's thoroughly remarkable catch of a potential home-run ball hit to the left-field corner by Astro Outfielder Ollie Brown. Buckner snatched the missile in full flight, then, unable to arrest his progress, crashed into the low railing along the foul line. With true grit he struggled

to his feet and tossed the ball back to the infield to hold a runner on base before collapsing a second time. He recuperated in time to crack out two more hits in the game, extending his hitting streak to 17 games.

Buckner is among the league leaders in batting with an average above .340. First Baseman Steve Garvey is tied for second in the league in doubles with 12 and is second to Wynn in home runs with eight, and Shortstop Bill Russell is tied for the league lead in triples with four. Three Dodger regulars—Buckner, Garvey and Wynn—are hitting above .300 and three others—Willie Crawford, Russell and Third Baseman Ron Cey—are in the .290 range. During the nine-game winning streak, which ended with an extra-inning loss to Atlanta, the team scored 73 runs and hit 334.

Not even the most optimistic Dodger expects these heroics to continue throughout a 162-game season, but all of them exude a confidence that must be galling to those giving chase. “It's unusually early,” says pitcher Andy Messersmith (4-0), “but the other people are going to have to do a lot of catching up.”

“There is nothing dramatic or spectacular about the way we've gone out front,” says Pitcher Don Sutton (6-3) accurately. “This is the culmination of something that's been coming.” *continued*

Hit fly from the bats of Wynn. Left Fielder Buckner and First Baseman Garvey (bottom)





Bill Russell matures rapidly at shortstop.

NO MIRRORS continued

for a long time. We've got a nice blend now. We have young players with experience and we have age where it counts—on the pitching staff. I've been with this team for nine years and this is the best one I've seen. In 1966 we won the pennant on pitching. Maury Wills and mirrors. This team is capable of doing a lot more offensively. My lifetime has been shortened by all the one-run games here, but now I know that if there is a one-run game, it's probably going to be 8-7."

Walter Alston, who, with 21 years as boss of the Dodgers, is dean of active baseball managers, takes the long view of the early-season rush. "Things have gone just right for us," he says, displaying the smile of a man with job security. "We've won a few that maybe we shouldn't have. But we seem to do what's necessary. If we only get one run, the other team gets none. If they get seven, we get eight. You can work just as hard, play just as well and have things go the other way. But this is a sound ball club. We won 95 games last year with kids who were inexperienced. Buckner hadn't played much and neither had Garvey. Cey and Ferguson [Catcher Joe] hadn't really played at all. Russell was still learning to be a shortstop and [Dave] Lopes was still learning to be a second baseman. That year of experience is counting this season. And we've always had good pitching. Now with Mike Marshall [acquired from Montreal for Willie Da-

vis] in the bullpen, it's even better. And I can't say enough about Jim Wynn."

Nobody seems to be able to, for Wynn's enthusiastic play has been the pleasant surprise of a singularly salubrious season. "Just look at him out there," said Dixie Walker, the Dodgers' batting instructor, observing Wynn from the press box, while eating a dish of chocolate ice cream. "See how much he's enjoying himself. The fans cheer him all the time. He likes that. All players like that." Dixie has some expertise in fan affection; as a Brooklyn Dodger outfielder in the '40s, he was the "People's Chence" of the Ebbets Field bleacher bums.

Wynn enjoys a similar distinction with the better-scrubbed clientele in the Dodger Stadium right and left field pavilions. "His rapport with the fans here is unlike anything we've had since the days of Lou Johnson," says Fred Claire, the team's publicity director, recalling the crowd-pleaser of the mid-'60s. "They never really warmed to Willie Davis, but Jimmy was an instant favorite."

Wynn, the man in the new white suit, has not always been so lovable. In Houston he was as much the object of derision as cheers, possibly the unhappy result of the roller-coaster nature of his career there (in his last three seasons he hit .203, .273 and .220), or of high expectations unrealized, or of a tumultuous private life that became public property when the first Mrs. Wynn elected to conclude a domestic altercation by puncturing her husband with a kitchen knife. The normally affable Wynn grew to be as testy with the Texas fans and press as he has been engaging with their Southern California counterparts.

But that stormy first marriage and his equally unfortunate unions with sometime Managers Harry Walker and Leo Durocher are mercifully dissolved. He has a second wife, Jo Ann, and a new manager, Alston, whom he avowedly adores, and this new private warmth is readily transmitted to the public at large. Wynn, it is safe to say, loves his fans as much as they love him.

In Houston his path was darkened from the very beginning when General Manager Paul Richards assigned him uniform No. 24 and instructed him to play the game the way another No. 24 was playing it.

"They gave me the number," Wynn recalls with a wrince, "and told me to be another Willie Mays. That's too much



Andy Messersmith (4-3) warns that it's early.

to ask of anyone. There is only one Mays."

In his first full season, 1965, Wynn was also required to play center field in the first indoor ball park, the Astrodome, an experience that bordered on the claustrophobic. "They hadn't painted the ceiling yet and you couldn't follow the ball at all," he said, munching reflectively on a sirloin at his favorite L.A. restaurant, the Hungry Tiger. "I remember in one game against the Giants, Jim Ray Hart hit a ball falling away from the pitch-

Myrtle Dee Sutton (6-3) fails to see drama



Naturally, I had no idea where it was going, but I figured if a guy hit a ball with his rear end sticking out like that, it would be a pop-up. I ran in on the ball. It hit one bounce away from the center-field fence. It cost us our lead and I looked like a complete fool."

Wynn did not always look foolish. He hit .375 that same year, with 22 home runs and 43 stolen bases. Two years later he achieved career highs of 37 home runs and 107 runs batted in, performances which, because of his relatively small stature, earned him the sobriquet, The Toy Cannon. Despite such impressive statistics, managers of the Harry Walker bent could not resist tampering with Wynn's swift, hard uppercut swing. Wynn is not the peewee he is often portrayed to be; although just 5'9", he weighs a well-muscled 175 pounds, much of it in his impressively heavy shoulders and chest. Still, he is uncommonly small for a home-run hitter, the smallest since Mel Ott, and the Walkers of this world cannot help but envision such comparative Lilliputians as singles hitters.

"My father made me the kind of hitter I am," said Wynn. "I was a shortstop when I was a boy growing up in Cincinnati and my father saw me as an Ernie Banks type—a good fielder who could hit home runs. He threw baseball after baseball at me, and when he got tired he took me out to a place near the airport where they had pitching machines. I developed the timing and the strong hands and wrists you need to hit homers. Timing is really the source of my power. I don't get many line drives because I come up on the ball, so I'll never really be a .300 hitter, but you couldn't tell that to Harry. He kept telling me I'd hit .300 if I just choked up on the bat, went to the opposite field and concentrated on average. No way. My swing was already grooved. I didn't get all those home runs being a Punch-and-Judy hitter. I guess when you're short, managers have a tendency to mess with you more."

Walker was not the only manager who messed with Wynn. Leo Durocher did not so much reconstruct the Wynn swing as he did relocate the swinger in the batting order. Impressed by the success the Giants had enjoyed employing power-and-speed man Bobby Bonds at leadoff, Durocher concluded that Wynn was the logical person to hit there for him. Wynn was opposed to the move, reasoning that it would reduce his runs batted in, but,

good soldier that he is, he agreed. The experiment proved a failure and Wynn suffered through a sorry season, complicated this time by a serious illness to his second wife.

Along with all these problems, Wynn felt he was playing out of position his last few seasons in Houston. He is much more comfortable in center field than in right or left, but the Astros had the young superstar, Cesar Cedeno, in that spot, and Wynn could not move him out.

Ah, but there is nothing quite like a new suit of clothes. After the trade with Houston for Claude Osteen, Alston advised Wynn that he could bat third, play center field, swing at the ball any way he damn well pleased as long as he hit it from time to time, and have complete freedom on the bases. And just about the first Dodger he encountered was Harry Walker's brother, Dixie.

"He came up to me and told me he knew I'd had some problems with his brother," Wynn recalls. "He told me I needn't worry about him. I appreciated that and I told him the problems I had with Harry had been greatly exaggerated." Dixie is not only the "People's Chere," he is now Jim Wynn's; the two are frequent golfing partners.

Freed of overmanaging, domestic strife and hostile spectators, Wynn has blossomed in the Southern California sunshine. If there remained any doubt about his potentiality, it was dispelled in a four-game series with San Diego earlier this month. In those games Wynn had 13 hits in 18 at bats, including a double, a triple and four home runs. He scored eight runs and batted in eight more. "That is the best series I've ever seen any player have," said Alston.

Wynn's homecoming last week was reminiscent of Lindbergh's. His every move on the field merited a standing ovation, and when he positioned himself in the outfield, the pavilion fans accorded him the equivalent of locomotive yells.

Wynn did not ignore these huzzas; he responded with hearty waves and shouts of encouragement. After Buckner's circus catch, he pointed to his teammate and led the cheering in his behalf. His own play scarcely cooled. Even in defeat on Friday he got three hits, including a double and a triple, and two RBIs.

"There are only two uniforms that spell magic to me," Wynn said later, "this one and the one the Yankees wear. But I've always wanted to be a Dodger.



Ex-Expo Mike Marshall anchors the bullpen.

I can't tell you how good it feels to be in this uniform."

Or as old Henry Ward Beecher, the American clergyman, put it, conceding some ground to the Babylonians, "Clothes . . . do not make the man, but when he is made, they greatly improve his appearance."

Jim Wynn would appear to have it made.

END

Manager Alston says L.A. does the necessary.





CLEARING UP A MUDDIED SITUATION

Dispelling reports that this year's colts were a mediocre lot, Little Current won a spectacular Preakness in near-record time **by WHITNEY TOWER**



Happy Jockey Rivera hugs Mrs. Galbreath.

Not long before the Preakness was run off last Saturday afternoon at Pimlico, Little Current's owner, John Galbreath, was wandering around the box area trying to remember, 11 years after his Kentucky Derby winner Chateaugay finished second in the Preakness, where the devil his horse might be stabled. When he finally found Trainer Lou Rondinello and looked into Little Current's stall, Galbreath saw his colt standing docilely in one corner, sound asleep. It was three hours to post time.

"Sure has a nice disposition, hasn't he?" said Galbreath, with the look of a man wondering how much time it would take for his colt to wake up and be ready for the day's business.

Little Current's jockey, Miguel Rivera, came down from New York with his fellow Puerto Rican, Angel Cordero Jr., who won the Kentucky Derby on Cannonade. After the Derby, Cordero said he was going to give Rivera \$3,000 of his \$27,000 jockey fee. This purse splitting, called "saving," is considered permissible for two jockeys riding an entry from the same stable, but because that was not the case in the Derby—Rivera rode Rube the Great—it was strongly suggested by the racing commission that Cordero express his friendship in some other way. O.K., said Cordero. He and his wife were going to Pimlico, and they invited Rivera to go with them. Unfortunately, when they arrived at their Baltimore hotel only one room was available and, naturally, it was given to Mr. and Mrs. Cordero. A cot was fetched from somewhere and set up for Rivera, and he curled up on it in the middle of a deserted banquet hall the night before he was to ride Little Current.

The Preakness was proof that rest and sleep, whether on a cot in a banquet hall or in a stall in a Pimlico barn, have their just rewards. Three hours after John Gal-

Despite slip kicked up from a drying track, Little Current came from behind to win big.

breath caught his money earner dozing, Little Current, with Rivera up, came charging from last place, slipped through daringly on the rail and ran away from his rivals to win the 99th Preakness by seven widening lengths. It was more than sweet revenge after the atrocious luck Little Current had experienced during the crowded, slumping Derby. It was a thoroughly convincing triumph over the best of his class, all of whom were carrying scale weight of 126 pounds in the mile and $\frac{1}{16}$ race on the Pimlico strip. The track had been soaked by rain the night before and was sloppy for most of the day's card, but by the time the 13-horse Preakness field came out the label had been switched to "Good," and it was, in fact, fast. Little Current, who went off at odds of 13 to 1, reached the finish in 1:54 $\frac{1}{2}$, and if some critics are still complaining that this is a stumblebum crop of 3-year-olds, they should be reminded that in all its history the Preakness has only twice recorded a faster time: Cannonero's track record of 1:54 in 1971 and Secretariat's disputed 1:54 $\frac{1}{2}$ last year. The only other colt to hit the wire in 1:54 $\frac{1}{2}$ was Nashua in 1955, and it has never been fashionable to refer to Nashua as the best of a poor crop.

"I've always thought our colt was better than a fourth- or fifth-place finisher," Galbreath had been saying before the race, even though that was more or less where Little Current ended up in the Derby, the Blue Grass Stakes and the Flamingo, following a very impressive victory in the Everglades in March. After the Preakness, Galbreath said graciously, "In racing, you have good luck one day, bad luck the next, and there's no use complaining about it. We've won two Derbies, with Chateaugay and Proud Clarion, and Chateaugay won the Belmont. So the Preakness is a classic we really wanted to win. It's a very happy day for Darby Dan Farm."

It was also a happy day for those who were not convinced that Cannonade was about to become another Secretariat. In reviewing films of the Derby, in which Cannonade extricated himself from his 22 rivals with one thunderous move between horses on the turn home, many failed to notice what Little Current did.

As he and Judger dawdled along in last place up the backstretch at Churchill Downs, they both were bothered at one point by Flip Sal, who broke down right in front of them. When a hole opened briefly near the half-mile pole, both dove for it, but the hole closed again and neither made it. Judger, who finished eighth, never did get free for a decent stretch run, but Little Current did, belatedly. He moved from 20th place, made up 10 or more lengths and finished a respectable fifth. "After that rough trip, he deserves another chance," said Galbreath at the time. "He's bound to improve off his Derby effort."

When Starter Eddie Blind sprang the latch to start the Preakness, Jockey Donald Macbeth, one step out of the gate on Buck's Bid, fell off as his mount stumbled. While Macbeth was picking himself and his pride out of the Baltimore mud, Destroyer and Hudson County were zinging off to lead the other 10 horses into the first turn. Cordero had Cannonade back in the eighth spot and Rivera was jogging along dead last with Little Current.

The leaders were closely followed by Silver Florin, Jolly Johu and Heir to the Line, but most of the attention was focused on the red and yellow silks of Cannonade. When Cordero moved him up to sixth on the backstretch, it seemed to almost everyone that he was in perfect position from which to launch a winning drive around the far turn. But, said Cordero later, "Cannonade never really leveled. He was slipping, and when he hit soft spots he slipped around so much I knew he'd never win." Rivera, meanwhile, was keeping Little Current on the rail for the whole trip, and it paid off handsomely. Saving ground, he crept steadily up from last place, uncorked his real drive around the far turn and slipped through to third place by the time the field rounded into the top of the stretch. "Cannonade was worrying me," Rivera said later. "but I thought if I could get through on the inside just once more I could give him a run for it."

Rivera got the chance almost immediately. Jolly Johu, never worse than fourth, had been on the rail, but he came out ever so slightly on the final turn. When he did, Rivera shot Little Current through an almost imperceptible opening. Cannonade had taken the lead, and

he increased his advantage to half a length approaching the eighth pole. Heir to the Line was giving way, and Jolly Johu couldn't keep up anymore. Then, suddenly, nobody could keep up, as Little Current rushed by all of them. It was not even a struggle. And even as Little Current was stunning the crowd with the facility of his triumph, there were other surprises. The 24-to-1 shot Neapolitan Way charged from far back to finish second, a full length in front of Cannonade, who barely held off Jolly Johu for third place. Still another long shot, Kin Run, was fifth. After that it was Heir to the Line, J.R.'s Pet, Hudson County, Rube the Great, Silver Florin, Destroyer and All Game.

Although he has won only three of 12 lifetime starts and only two of eight in this mixed-up 3-year-old season, there was nothing fluky about Little Current's Preakness victory. Few colts have such classic bloodlines. His sire, Sea-Bird, won both the Epsom Derby and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in 1965 to achieve, in some quarters at least, the title "Horse of the World." Sea-Bird was also the sire of the best horse currently racing in Europe, the American-bred Allez France. Luana, Little Current's mother, was unraced, but she is by the English 2,000 Guineas winner, My Babe, and is a half-sister to both the former champion handicapper Primonetta, and the Derby and Belmont winner Chateaugay. Galbreath says, with a contented smile, "This isn't a bad kind of broodmare to be owning, is it?"

Little Current would not appear to be a bad kind of colt to be owning, either, even though in his next start, the Belmont Stakes on June 8, he will be up against Cannonade again and Judger, who skipped the Preakness, and a few other survivors of the early wars of 1974. The Belmont might be quite a tussle. Little Current and Cannonade and Judger could excite the crowd for the entire mile and a half even if nobody else went in against them. And while most people have put thoughts of a Triple Crown away for another year, Cordero has not. With his usual big, toothy grin, he says, "These two horses will give a much better race on a fast track. And remember, whichever way it goes in the Belmont, right now it's two down, one to go for a Triple Crown for Puerto Rico." **END**

JUBILATION AND A CUP IN PHILLY

That often-mocked city enjoyed sweet victory as its audacious Flyers, a mere seven years in existence but blessed with a singing talisman, a superb goalie and a tooth-shy whirlwind, won hockey's title **by MARK MULVOY**

Even old W. C. Fields himself might have loved being in Philadelphia last Sunday afternoon. It was a day when that much-abused city finally laughed at the world, a day when Bobby Clarke, the gap-toothed diabetic rank rat with the guts of 10 dozen burglars, and Bernie Parent, the nimble goaltender, skated around the frenzied streamer-filled Spectrum holding the Stanley Cup aloft for Kate Smith and the whole world to see. Sorry, Boston. Philly, New York, Adieu, Montreal. Sayonara, Chicago.

There were no Philadelphia Flyers seven years ago, but now they own the hockey world after Parent's spectacular goaltending and Clarke's tenacious forechecking and mastery of the face-offs destroyed Bobby Orr and the Bruins in the decisive sixth game. With their 1-0 cliffhanger of a victory, the Flyers joined the few expansion teams ever to whip the haughty Establishment and win a championship.

Although they did not realize it at the time, the Bruins were dead from the moment Miss Smith—Philadelphia's most hillyhood weapon, with a 36-3-1 record—sang *God Bless America* before the game. Normally the Flyers play a taped recording, but for this crucial encounter they displayed Miss Smith in person. In a brave attempt to minimize her effectiveness, Orr and Phil Esposito both skated to her side and extended their hands in friendship. "Couldn't you sing 'As the cannons go rolling along'?" Esposito asked plaintively. Kate shook her head.

Nevertheless the Bruins dominated the early part of the game, taking 16 shots to eight for the Flyers in the first period, but they fell behind when Philadelphia's Rick MacLesh scored a power-play goal at 14:48 of the period while Boston's Terry O'Reilly was in the penalty box along with Orr and Clarke. At the time it seemed like just another goal that would be forgotten in a 4-3 or a 5-2 game. MacLesh rolled the puck back to Moose Dupont off a face-off to the left of Boston Goalie Gilles Gilbert, then headed

for the net. Dupont skated forward a few strides and fired a routine shot. Gilbert, as brilliant in defeat as Parent was in victory, moved out to stop the puck, but MacLesh intercepted it inches before it would have reached Gilbert, tipping the disk over his stick and into the net.

That slender lead was good enough for Parent, even though the Bruins repeatedly stormed his cage the rest of the game in an attempt to avoid not only the end of the cup road but their first shut-out of the year. Parent plainly robbed Orr twice and Esposito once, and then made his best save in the third period when Carol Vadnais flipped a backhander in from close only to have Parent detour the puck with his glove hand. Gilbert, meanwhile, kept the Bruins in the game with a series of exceptional saves, including astonishing stops on Simon Nole's deflection from the crease and a backhand flip by Clarke from the slot. At 5:02 p.m. Parent gloved a long Orr shot—and the game was over. Suddenly the NHL had parity and Philadelphia had a Stanley Cup.

Parent's playoff-long magnificence aside, Clarke and Orr were the pivotal figures throughout the punishing series. Orr won the 3-2 opener in Boston when he ripped a bouncing slap shot past Parent with only 22 seconds to play in the final period. The unflappable Mr. Clarke had tied the score 14 minutes before. In the second game Clarke singlehandedly rallied the Flyers from an early 2-0 deficit as he scored their first goal, helped set up Dupont's tying goal in the last minute of regulation time and then scored the winning goal after 12 minutes of sudden death. For the Flyers it was their first victory at the Boston Garden in more than six years, and only their second triumph over the Bruins anywhere in a stretch of 30 games.

Both games in Boston were semi-placid, marked by only minor flare-ups, and so was the third game at the Spectrum when Clarke and friends routed the sagging Bruins 4-1 and took a 2-1 lead in

the series. Following that embarrassing defeat there was a great debate among the Bruins as to just how many of them had been earning their large salaries. Orr thought four. Coach Bep Gaudin said six. Gregg Sheppard, Boston's best forward in the playoffs, suggested a maximum of eight. "Baloney," Clarke commented gruffly. "Forget those excuses. The way I saw it, the Bruins didn't skate because we never gave them room to skate. How can you skate if someone's on top of you and hitting you all the time? And we've been on top of the Bruins and hitting them in every game so far."

Before the start of the series, in a desperate attempt to develop some special strategy to stop Orr and his goal-scoring sidekick, Esposito, Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero had spent long hours analyzing films of his team's repeated losses to the Bruins as well as clips of the Russian national team's checking tactics against Team Canada. "We're a hitting team," Shero concluded, "but we've always made the mistake of treating Orr and Esposito as untouchables. As a result they have killed us, particularly Orr. The referees think that Orr is God, too. He's not God. And we've got to stop treating him like God." As a reminder, Philadelphia General Manager Keith Allen taped this sign onto his own vestcase: ORR'S NOT GOD. HIT HIM!

Most teams attempt to forecheck Orr with one player, who stands patiently in front of the Boston net, waits for Orr to make a move and then tries to skate with him. "It's almost a hopeless job," Clarke says, "because there aren't many players who can skate with Orr." Rather than have one man wait for Orr, Shero decided to have all of his forward lines swirl around in front of the net, usually in a crowing pattern, to serve as mobile roadblocks in Orr's path. Consequently, Orr was forced to abandon his normal lanes to center ice and skate slow, serpentine, hazardous routes instead. "The idea," Shero said, "was to make Orr work harder than he normally has to work." Once

Orr did skate out with the puck, the Flyers immediately hit him with solid body checks. It was Ross Lonsberry who caught Orr with a devastating hip check early in the overtime period of the second game and left him stretched out on the ice for several seconds. "Seeing Bobby down on the ice has to depress the other Bruins," said Lonsberry.

Guidolin, meanwhile, recognized the Boston problem. "Every time one of our guys touches the puck," he said, "he passes it back to Bobby. Always it's Bobby, Bobby, Bobby. How much is one guy supposed to do? They're playing right into Philadelphia's hands. If they'd skate themselves, then there's no way the Flyers would be able to stop Orr."

Clarke helped the Stop Orr! campaign in two distinct ways. He chased Orr behind the net at times and pinned him to the boards, thus forcing face-offs near the Boston goaltender, and he kept his stick attached to Orr's navel whenever Bobby managed to elude the Flyer forecheckers and gain a half step on them in the race up the ice. More important, Clarke completely nullified Esposito by hawking him relentlessly, hitting him into the boards and embarrassing him almost to the point of ridicule by winning 48 of their 66 face-offs in the first three games. All season long Esposito had logged more than 30 minutes a game for the Bruins. In this series he clearly was exhausted, and hardly an adequate match for the exuberant Clarke.

Clarke's overwhelming superiority in the face-off circle repeatedly thwarted the Bruins after they had exerted strong pressure on Parent. "We'd get two or three good shots at him," Guidolin muttered, "and then Clarke would win the next face-off and get the puck out of trouble." Even when Clarke lost a face-off he managed to tie up Esposito and prevent him from getting off a good shot. "When Clarke loses a face-off," Guidolin said, "you don't move, because he's got his stick between your legs or else he's grabbed your stick. He doesn't let you move until he moves. The kid's always thinking."

Understandably, Guidolin was in an irate mood before the start of the fourth game, played at the Spectrum. He had scheduled an optional practice for the previous day, but only the Boston irregulars felt they needed the exercise. "The

Philadelphia guys practiced," Guidolin said, "but my team was at the racetrack." Then, indirectly criticizing Esposito, he said, "I wish we had a Godfather."

If the Bruins lacked spirit in the earlier games, they were practically men of machismo in the fourth as they rallied from an early two-goal Philadelphia blitz and tied the game midway through the first period, with Esposito scoring one of the goals on a deft maneuver around the net, Boston then dominated for almost 40 minutes, but Parent stymied the Bruins with a string of sensational saves and some pure luck, particularly when Bobby Schmautz missed an open net. Then, late in the third period, Bill Barber won the game for the delicious Flyers with what Orr rightly called "the best wrist shot I have ever seen." Or not seen, perhaps. Orr and Lonsberry had whacked at the puck, and it dropped to the ice just inside the Boston blue line. Barber, trailing the play and unchecked by any Bruin, collected the puck and, using Orr as a screen, snapped a 35-foot blur past Gilbert's glove.

The Flyers packed champagne for their trip to Boston last Thursday night,

but Orr kept the corks on with his best skating exhibition of the entire season. Taking personal command of a game that featured spearing, kneeing, butt-ending, a record 43 penalties, six fights and that latest weapon in Dave Schultz' fighting arsenal, the Bruno Sammartino head butt, Orr defeated the Flyers by setting up Boston's first goal after a brilliant shorthanded rush and scoring the next two himself as the Bruins won 5-1. "For the first time, we gave Orr too much room," Shero lamented. Orr's aching knees, unfortunately, limit the times when he can play like the youth who revolutionized the sport in the late 1960s. "You can have all the Bobby Clarkes in the world," said Harry Sinden, the managing director of the Bruins. "I'll take one game like that from Orr. He made 30 moves no one has ever seen before."

But on Sunday afternoon Parent stopped all of Orr's maneuvers, and when it was over, as the Flyers poured the bubbly and the Bruins consoled themselves with Michelob, Orr saluted his conquerors. "The Bruins," he said glumly, "are only No. 2." **END**



Flyer superstars Bobby Clarke and Bernie Parent display the trophy in the hushed Spectrum.

WITHOUT RESERVATION A WINTU WON ONE

Golf's first designated event became Rod Curl's first victory, as the brash little Indian beat the big boys at Colonial with a brava performance

by DAN JENKINS

In a Texas river bottom last week professional golf tried to do something extra special with a tournament that might have been called the Colonial National Instant Designated Classic, and what was largely different about it was that for the first time in history an Indian whipped up on all the cowboys. O.K., gang, here comes Rod Curl, a real Indian. Cue the Wounded Nicklaus jokes.

Big Chief Little Name shoot many birdies. Dine on much Golden Bear. Kill white man's golf course. Buy much firewater with \$30,000. That is how it turned out at Colonial when the strongest field of the year assembled on one of the country's toughest courses. A guy the pros call Little Beaver, who had never won before, went out and looked as if he had been doing it all his life, and by winning in the stretch against some heap big folks like Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Gary

Player and Tom Weiskopf, he gave the game a fascinating new personality.

The white man will like Rod Curl. A dark, aggressive, talkative little fellow—only 5'5"—who slaps an abnormally long tee shot, Curl simply took charge of a tournament that most of the week had belonged in score to a methodical player named Chuck Courtney and in tone to Nicklaus.

What Rod Curl did was march out in front of the largest gallery he had ever seen, on the ruggeddest course he had ever challenged, and shoot a final-round 68 to beat Nicklaus by one stroke. He even did it on television, where an Indian has never had any better chance than dirty dishes. In the moment of his victory the name of Curl's tribe seemed appropriate: Wintu. The Wintu Indians from Northern California. He is three-quarters Wintu, and the other part must be all golfer.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH HODS JR.

"Man, I was scared to death, whether I looked it or not," Curl said later. "You know how you want to play Jack Nicklaus? You want to have a six-inch, uphill putt for a birdie, and find out that Jack's just hit his fourth straight shot out of bounds."

In the heat of the final round at Co-

In the final round Curl had to turn back, among other worthies, Nicklaus, Weiskopf, Trevino and Player, with 26 major titles among them.





Though witness, Curl was hardly unheard of, having finished second at San Diego and Houston, fifth at Tucson and ninth at the Heritage.

lonial, Curl needed to make a 30-foot putt for a birdie instead of a six-incher. This was the birdie he made on the 16th hole that jerked him out of a three-way tie for the lead as Curl, Nicklaus and Courtney plowed toward the conclusion of the first of this year's three designated tournaments, events that will summon all of the game's top players.

The testing Colonial course slowly brought many of the game's stars to the front. Nicklaus finished second, Julius Boros fourth, Trevino fifth and Gary Player sixth. Courtney had slipped in there third, and although Chuck Courtney is not a celebrated name around golf, neither was Rod Curl until Sunday.

Not that Curl hadn't proved he could play a little in the five years he had been battling the PGA tour. Twice this year Curl had finished second, at San Diego

in January and at Houston only the week before Colonial. He had come to Colonial ready, if only he knew it. And he was right there all the way. He began with a 70, shot a 67 on Friday and added a 71 on Saturday to trail Courtney by only two strokes when the last day began.

He continued to play superbly, ramming a wedge shot right at the second hole for a 1½-foot birdie and doing the same thing on the 7th for another. After still another saff birdie at the 11th, he had a three-stroke lead.

"I told myself, 'There's no way they can catch me now,'" Curl said, "but then I started thinking, 'Well, they might.'" So he promptly bogged two holes at a time when Nicklaus made two birdies, and that is how it all came down to the last three holes. If Curl's birdie putt on the 16th hole was not the big differ-

ence, then Nicklaus' bogey at the 17th was. Jack put his tee shot in the rough. Worse still, it was sitting two inches "up," as the pros say. So he sailed his approach over the green, had an impossible chip, and was forced to settle for a bogey while Curl parred the last two holes as solidly as you please.

One of the more intriguing things about Rod Curl is that he taught himself to play golf on a nine-hole course in Redding, Calif. at the not-so-tender age of 19.

"I thought it would be a better thing to do than mess around as a construction worker," he said. "All I ever did was play games. Football and baseball in high school, and you might want to count pool. I don't know whether I was a hustler or not, but if I was, golf made me a gentleman."

continued

Curl has some Lee Trevino in him, in looks and attitude as well as golfing skill. "Ain't this great?" he said. "First we had the Mex, then we had the black, my buddy Lee Elder. Now we got the Indian."

Colonial last week had just about anyone who understood the overlapping grip, regardless of color, because it had suddenly become a designated tournament, which meant that only death was good enough to excuse a top performer from showing. It was a command performance for anybody who is anybody on the tour, from the U.S. Open winner to the 30th man on the PGA's exemption-point list. In this sense it was perhaps the

The experiment of golf's first designated tournament was a gigantic success as far as the folks around Fort Worth were concerned. Colonial Country Club was standing room only from Wednesday on. The sponsors sold everything, right down to the last packet of mustard and the final ice cube. The crowds were estimated at close to 30,000 daily and a man could believe it if he were looking for a place to sit down in the shade.

Colonial has always drawn people, even in those years when Nicklaus or Arnold Palmer chose not to appear. It is one of the older events on the tour, having begun in 1946, and it has done a good job of selling itself as "the Masters of the Southwest." But as the first of the PGA's designated tournaments for 1974, the Colonial promptly sold \$150,000 worth more tickets than normal. The only problem then was whether there would be room enough to play golf.

The idea of a designated tournament came about because the PGA felt it had to do something to guarantee sponsors the kind of field they all want. The original thought was to have 15 such events, each offering at least \$200,000. The players fought it, of course. A touring pro wants to pick his spots. The compromise was for three must-appear events this year and work up from there.

Colonial, Kemper and Pinehurst were selected because they had the facilities, enthusiasm and courses, and they were perhaps more deserving than some others. Likely designated tournaments in the future might be the Western Open, the L.A. Open, Doral, Heritage and the American Golf Classic. In other words, tournaments on superb courses with sponsors willing to put up the money.

The players are not certain the idea is going to work. Some of them are not even sure it is necessary. "I don't see anything wrong with the way things were," said Gary Player. "To designate certain tournaments is to downgrade others. The sponsors and the fans are educated enough that they understand you can't play every week. A lot of us try to spread ourselves around. We might skip this tournament one year, but we'll try to go back the next. I don't see any tournaments suffering from it. The crowds get bigger everywhere I go, whether Nicklaus is there or not."

But all this was a boardroom problem that the hordes in Fort Worth last week

cared little about. They had Nicklaus back in town for the first time in four years, and they had everybody else, and the navel was on display, as they invariably are at Colonial. Fort Worth is one of the better girl-watching tournaments and there were parties around every corner. The whole week added up to a designated trample.

When the crowds were not barging after Nicklaus on the course, they were spilling over the outdoor terraces of the massive Colonial clubhouse, cocktails in hand, whooping about the latest thing to parade past in a halter and cut-off levis. One day in the downstairs bar, glass enclosed, with vistas of girls in different directions, a man leaped up with his cocktail and beat on the glass at someone outside. A particularly well-endowed young lady had appeared to take her stance by a scoreboard. The man indoors had spotted a friend of his near the young lady. When he got his friend's attention, he held up a sign he had prepared for just such an occasion. It said: TELL HER TO TURN AROUND.

One of the better parties of the week took place on Friday night. Tom Weiskopf recommended it highly. A lavish Texas-style barbecue in a ranch house on the outskirts of town. Weiskopf had gone the year before, stuffed himself with ribs and won the tournament. He was back again, along with Nicklaus, a smattering of TV types, even a few players like Larry Wadkins who had missed the cut but didn't want to miss the party. So were no less than 100 local revelers, a grand mixture of Fort Worth society ranging from businessmen to artists—"rich hippie scum," as someone put it.

At one point the host tried to get everyone's attention on the porch of the ranch house, which overlooked downtown Fort Worth and several hundred platters of ribs. "I got to get that Ferrari moved out there on the grass," he said. "I can't get the piano on the porch, and we need to hear some single."

Nicklaus looked around and said, "Did I hear that right?"

The piano made it to the porch, and a black lady began doing Billie Holiday. She was the only black at the party.

"It's O.K.," she said. "Everybody thinks I'm Rose Elder."

One reason for the traditional hospitality of Colonial is because Fort Worth has some limitations in the way of entertainment for out-of-towners. There is



Here is a girl the girl-watchers watched.

gandiest field yet assembled. A lot of championships are strong at the top, of course, but Colonial was strong at the bottom, or all the way through. And Rod Curl furnished the proof that a guy from the tenement district is capable of winning if somebody will let him play.

In his victory interview Curl could not think of a good Indian nickname for himself. But later he returned to the Colonial press room, interrupted the writers and said, "My Indian name is Yo-So. It means Johnny Jump Up, Come From Behind Flower." What?

"Took my mother 31 years to name me, but that's it." He laughed at himself uproariously and left.

Pack the Pipers,

it wouldn't be a weekend without it.

You've been thinking about it all week. And here you are, teaching her how to cast. Later, back at the cabin, you'll kick off your boots. Broil today's catch on the open fire. And unpack the Pipers Scotch. It's so right for the moment. And you feel great. You've got your girl. The whole mountain to yourself. And your very own Scotch. Relax. Life couldn't be smoother and neither could Pipers. After all, it's blended and bottled in Scotland, by Seagram: the world's foremost distiller.

**Pipers: The Scotch to weekend with—
any day of the week.**



100 Pipers • Blended Scotch Whisky • 40 Proof (80°) • Imported by Seagram, New York

After going 212 m.p.h., he's
not about to smoke a boring
cigarette.



King Size.
Long Size.



Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out.
Always rich... always smooth... always exciting.
Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

New Viceroy Extra Milds.
Now get a taste of excitement
in a lowered tar cigarette.



14 mg.
tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

no shortage of restaurants that serve Mexican food or calif fries, but for drinking and dancing pleasure the town seems now to be specializing in clubs that feature either twanging guitars or ladies who dance with bawdy contractors. A couple of players were taken by an ad in the paper that said a lady would rise up out of a pit of vipers and do other exotic things. So they went. But the star performed without the props. A waitress explained, "Sir, she don't work with them things 'cept on weekends."

On Thursday, when the Colonial got under way, most of the snakes were holed by Hale Irwin, a few 35-footers that gave him a 65, one of the lowest rounds in the history of the tournament. It sent Irwin into a three-stroke lead, but Colonial caught up with him and sent him soaring to six-over-par by Sunday. Curl, with his 70, was back in a tie for 14th.

The course knocked a lot of the big stars out. Johnny Miller opened with a 78 and withdrew, explaining that he had a sick child. Which encouraged a member of the press corps to make the usual crack, "A 78 will give you measles every time." Arnold Palmer shot 74-73 and missed the cut. Ben Crenshaw shot 70 and then 80, and was gone. So was Wadkins—gone to the party.

The lead was then taken over by Courtney, a businesslike fellow from La Jolla who had been on the tour—and off—for 10 years without causing much excitement. He shot a 66 on Friday, one of the windiest days of a windy week, to lead Curl and Irwin by a stroke. On Saturday Courtney survived a complete loss of rhythm, hacking his way out of trouble and sinking putts for a 70 that kept him in the lead by two over Curl. Courtney even survived a bomb scare, which briefly emptied the clubhouse that afternoon. Just another Colonial thrill.

His good play earned him the wonderful opportunity of being paired in the final group with Nicklaus and Wenskopf on Sunday. Oh, fine. Nicklaus, Wenskopf, thousands of novel-flashing spectators and a \$50,000 first prize. Purely routine. Of course, as it turned out, Courtney's big problem was in the three-some just ahead, where Curl was making all those birdies. When it was over, pro golf not only had a way to designate the success of a tournament, it had another first-rate attraction: old Johnny Jump Up, Come From Behind Flower himself.

END

Forget the odometer. Enjoy.

Ever rent a car and keep one eye on the road—the other on the odometer, watching the mileage cost add up?

Forget it. With Thrifty's "100" Special Plan, you pay one low, flat daily rate for a Chevrolet Monte Carlo or other new car. And pay only for the gas you use. There's no mileage charge at all (up to 100 miles a day).

You already know Thrifty for our fast service and money-saving rates. With the "100" Special, the service is the same. But you may save more than ever before. And you can enjoy the drive.

Next trip, give Thrifty a call.

Any of our offices will make an instant Hot Line Reservation at any Thrifty office in the 50 States, Canada or Europe.

A Thrifty Rent-A-Car System, Inc. 1872 2424 N. Steadfast Road, Tulsa, Okla. 74109

Franchise available



THRIFTY
RENT-A-CAR

For maximum savings, investigate our Special Account Plan.



When you're thirsty you don't want to kiss the water cooler (a) to get a drink. Nor do you want the water to spurt unexpectedly and slap your cheek (b). Oasis water coolers deliver the stream right where you expect it (c). See?

OASIS®
The word for water coolers.

OASIS  Ebco Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio 43223

Superior is an unusual body of water; it is an extraordinary lake. Although Lake Baikal in Siberia contains more water because it is deeper, Superior is the largest freshwater lake in the world in surface acreage, covering more than 32,000 square miles. To limnologists, scientists who study lakes, Superior is the classic "oligotrophic" lake, the term applied to very deep, very cold, very clear lakes. The limnology of the lake, its internal dynamics, its ecosystem of mysid shrimp, deepwater ciscoes, bloaters, whitefish and lake trout make it fragile to an extreme. Superior is tremendously different from the typical "eutrophic," or nutrient-enriched, bass lake that most Americans know. It is a delicate giant of another time, another creation—a giant that is in dire danger of being toppled by pollution. Perhaps its most heinous polluter is Reserve Mining of Silver Bay, Minn., whose plant was shut down last month. For two days.

In what is now the longest conservation trial in the country's history, the U.S. Government, the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan and a number of citizen organizations like the Northern Environmental Council have sought to prevent Reserve from dumping 67,000 tons of taconite tailings a day into Lake Superior. Jointly owned by Armco and Republic Steel, Reserve has been in business there for 19 years. It mines taconite, a flintlike rock found in the nearby Mesabi Range that contains iron in small quantities, and extracts the ore through a magnetic process. Made into pellets, the iron is shipped to steel mills, and the tailings, or wastes, crushed into particles finer than flour, are dumped into the lake where, the company claims, they sink harmlessly into the 900-foot-deep Great Trough off Silver Bay.

Not so say the plaintiffs, who want Reserve to dump the tailings on land instead of in the lake. The plaintiffs contend that the dumping has polluted the lake with asbestos-like fibers that may cause cancer in residents of Duluth, 60 miles south of Silver Bay, and in four other communities that draw drinking water from Superior.

Last month, after Reserve argued that it could dump on land only with government financial aid, U.S. District Judge

Hymned by Longfellow in "The Song of Hiawatha," Lake Superior has more recently been limned by limnologists and a concerned judge

By ROBERT H. BOYLE

OFF THE SHORES OF GITCHE GUMEE

Miles Lord ruled, "Up until the time of writing this opinion the court has sought to exhaust every possibility in an effort to find a solution that would alleviate the health threat without disruption of operations at Silver Bay. Faced with the defendants' intransigence, even in the light of the public-health problem, the court must order an immediate curtailment of the discharge."

The plant shut down, but operations and dumping resumed 48 hours later when an emergency panel of three circuit-court judges met in a Missouri motel to issue a temporary stay of Judge Lord's decision. The federal court of appeals is expected to rule on the stay this month, and whatever the outcome, the verdict probably will be appealed to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, 67,000 tons of taconite tailings a day continue to pour into the lake. To anyone who knows Lake Superior, the final decision is of utmost importance.

Superior is to most lakes what the finest cut glass would be to no-deposit beer bottles, but for all its naturally fine qualities, it can be a most frustrating lake to study or to fish. It is so vast that U.S. and Canadian scientists have been mostly restricted to inshore areas, trying to fit bits and pieces of data together. It is so deep in places (1330 feet) that the bottom life can only be guessed at, and the

TACONITE tailings, dumped into Superior by Reserve Mining, form a huge delta of sludge.



clarity at depths of more than 50 feet makes it difficult to trawl a net for fish because they can see it coming.

Until recent years much of the existing information about Superior had been gathered more than a century ago by Louis Agassiz, a Harvard professor of geology and zoology, who led an expedition to the Canadian shore of the lake in the summer of 1848. Agassiz' party included four fellow naturalists, two Bostonians described as "admirers and cultivated" and nine Harvard students seeking fresh air and sunshine. They worked for six weeks from three canoes and a dory, then returned to Cambridge to publish their findings about the rocks and fish they saw.

Agassiz apart, information on Supe-

rior and the four other Great Lakes is also to be found in a special issue of the *Journal of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada* published in June, 1972. Entirely given over to papers delivered at an international symposium on salmonid communities in oligotrophic lakes, the volume makes for both fascinating and gloomy reading. Green Bay, which has yielded about half of the total production of commercial fish in Lake Michigan, is covered in good part with anoxic gray sludge. In Lake Huron, Saginaw Bay suffers heavily from pollution, and Lake Erie is an infamous disaster. Far less publicized is the plight of Lake Ontario, which has lost its native stocks of landlocked salmon, lake trout, whitefish and ciscoes. Perhaps the only gamefish popu-

lation still healthy is the smallmouth bass for which Ontario is famous. In the bay of Quinte, however, they have declined because of competition from white perch, which moved in from canals that connect it to the Hudson River.

The report on Superior was delivered by A. H. Lawrie and the late J. F. Rahrer, biologists for the Ontario government, who noted that every commercial species of fish had been severely depleted. This happened in good part because fishermen were catching stocks confined to a particular part of the lake, and having fished up one area, moved to another. "In this way," Lawrie and Rahrer explained, "stock after stock was depleted while conventional yield statistics gave an impression of relative stability." Un-

continued



BOURBON

Fancy words
don't make it with you.
Neither do fancy promises.
Your bourbon must simply be
the best tasting.
The smoothest.
That's why your bourbon
will always be I.W. Harper.



IS HARPER

 **I.W. HARPER.** From Kentucky Distillery No. 1

40 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey - © 1974 I.W. Harper Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky.

der government regulation, there has been some recovery, and up-to-date hatcheries offer further promise.

Rejuvenating the fish populations of Lake Superior might seem like trying to stock the ocean. Indeed, in many ways, Superior appears to have more in common with the ocean than with most lakes, a situation that has not been lost on local chambers of commerce that call the lake "the inland sea." The U.S. Government is buying up the Apostle Islands off the Wisconsin shore as a National Lakeshore, and tourists who throng to Bayfield, Wis., a picturesque town that looks like a New England fishing village, are exhorted to go "deep-vea fishing" for trout. Duluth, connected to the Atlantic by the St. Lawrence Seaway, ranks as the third largest seaport in the U.S., and the Sault Ste. Marie locks at the eastern end of the lake handle more tonnage than did the Panama and Suez canals combined at their busiest.

In general, people who live around Superior know only their own neck of the woods. "There she is, Lake Superior!" exulted Woodrow Wilcox of Brimley, Mich., a commercial fisherman setting out one morning recently to lift his herding nets. Wilcox gestured with his arm, and there, as far as the eye could see, was a limitless expanse of water. A glance at the map later revealed that Wilcox was gesturing toward Whitefish Bay, just a tiny pocket on the southeast side of the lake.

During a storm, Superior can be more dangerous than the ocean. Among commercial fishermen, it is known as "the lake that never gives up her dead." Year-round the water, except in the shallows, is a constant 39.2° Fahrenheit, and it is said that the body of anyone who drowns in mid-lake sinks to the bottom never to arise.

There is some plant growth in the shallow areas of the lake, but for the most part vegetation is sparse. Except for the Red River Slough in Wisconsin, where the Chippewa Indians harvest wild rice, there are virtually no marshes, and as a result, few ducks and geese are seen. Because of the low temperature of the lake, fall in the area is pleasantly long and cool, while spring is often short and harsh. For four months of the year ice closes the lake to shipping. The center almost never freezes over, but inshore the ice is of sufficient thickness to support automobiles. In fact, during the winter the town of La-

Pointe on Madeline Island maintains a stretch of lake ice as a road to Bayfield on the mainland.

Geologically, much of the lake basin lies on the Canadian Shield, a block of igneous and metamorphic rock, mostly granite, that dates as far back as 3½ billion years. Fossils of microscopic organisms two billion years old have been found on the northwest shore of the lake. It is thought that before the arrival of the first glacier Superior was part of a great river valley that extended to the Atlantic, and it became a lake as a result of glacial erosion.

Indians moved into the region about 10,000 years ago, and the tribe encountered by early white explorers was the Ojibway, or Chippewa, an Algonquian-speaking people celebrated by Longfellow in *The Song of Hiawatha*. They called Superior *Gitchie Gumee* or "great sea." The real Hiawatha, however, was not an Ojibway but a hero of Iroquois legend. With poetic license, Longfellow transported him west to the shores of *Gitchie Gumee*.

The first European to discover the lake probably was Etienne Brulé, lieutenant to Samuel de Champlain, in the year 1622. The Brule River in Wisconsin, one of the excellent trout streams tributary to Superior, is named after him. To Brulé and Champlain, Superior was known as Grand Lac, but French Jesuits later called it *Lac Supérieur*, meaning it was above Lake Huron. Some explorers were interested in venturing to the western end of Superior because they thought it might be the northwest passage to China. Indeed, Jean Nicolet arrived in Green Bay in 1634 wearing a damask robe for the mandarins whom he expected to meet there. Duluth itself is a corrupted contraction of *Sieur Du Luth*, the title of Daniel de Greysolon, a trader who obtained dozens of carmeloads of furs from the area in 1690.

In the 1840s and 1850s, copper and iron were discovered on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and along the southern shore of Superior. On the Canadian side of the lake the land supported a spruce and balsam forest that gave rise to a pulp-and-lumber industry. With the opening of the Soo locks at Sault Ste. Marie in 1855, the lake's economy boomed, and settlers poured into the Upper Peninsula, northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. Many of them were Swedes, Norwegians and Finns, lured by the wint-

continued

NEW

1-800-654-2000*



Our new toll-free number covers reservations at more than 500 Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges across the country.

And your reservation assures you of getting oversized comforts and conveniences at sensible rates. Plus our unique Gasoline Advisory Service when you check in.

Featuring free information on gasoline available by near any of our lodges. Updated daily.

So call today.

*In Oklahoma: 1-800-522-4231

Howard Johnson's
Motor Lodges

The Flavor of America



A Good Save

In fact, the Sports Illustrated Library Cases, pictured above, are the best way to save and protect your copies of Sports Illustrated. They're custom-designed for the magazine. Rugged. Handmade. Hold 26 issues. A perfect way to combat clutter and conserve space. Color: Navy blue with silver Sports Illustrated emblem. Prices: \$4.25 each; 3 for \$12; 6 for \$22. To order, just fill in and mail the coupon below.

To: Jesse Jones Box Corp.
P.O. Box 5126, Dept. 54
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

Please send me _____ Sports Illustrated Library Cases. Please \$4.25 each, 3 for \$12, 6 for \$22. My check for money order is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Allow three weeks for delivery.

ings of Fredrika Bremer, Sweden's first lady of letters, who visited the Superior region in the 1840's and envisioned it as a new Scandinavia.

Compared to the other Great Lakes areas, the Superior basin is sparsely populated, with less than 30 inhabitants to the square mile. Since the completion of the Trans-Canada Highway in 1960, it is possible to drive around the lake by automobile. In the summer months the 1,900-mile Lake Superior Circle Route is heavily traveled by campers and tourists, but most of all by fishermen.

It appears paradoxical that a lake as clear and sterile as Superior could yield the fish it has. "The answer is spatial," says Jim Selgeby, a young biologist of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries Laboratory in Ashland, Wis. "The lake is not rich, but it has a great depth of production. The fish have no feeding problem at depths of 300 to 400 feet. There is tremendous depth of water, and it is all usable because there is no oxygen depletion. In many other lakes there is oxygen depletion on the bottom from organic sediments, but here we have very little."

Fish arrange themselves in tiers like office workers in a skyscraper. Northern pike, walleyes, yellow perch, smallmouth bass and sunfish occupy the shallow bays. Lake sturgeon, now rare, common suckers and the northern sturgeon sucker live in the shallows and down to a depth of 150 feet. The lake herring or cisco, a member of the delectable whitefish family, inhabits depths of 250 feet. Lake trout occupy similar depths, although they may go deeper. Inshore, the whitefish descends to at least 400 feet, while other members of the family—the bloater, the kys and the shortjaw chub—are found from 200 to about 600 feet down in company with the burbot, a freshwater codfish. The deepwater sculpin dwells from 100 feet to the bottom. Indeed the only sculpin specimens collected by the late Dr. Samuel Eddy of the University of Minnesota were taken from the stomachs of sisowets, a very fat subspecies of lake trout that inhabits the abyssal depths.

Of all the fishes in Lake Superior, none is more highly prized by commercial fishermen than the whitefish. Early explorers, who often had to eviscerate fish, reported that the whitefish, no matter how often eaten, never jaded the appetite.

The lake trout are a saga in themselves. Until the 1950s both commercial fishermen and anglers caught them in great

numbers, some weighing as much as 60 pounds. Then the sea lamprey invaded Lake Superior. Where it originated is a mystery. A landlocked form was present in the Finger Lakes of central New York in the early 19th century, and the species apparently spread into Lake Ontario through the newly constructed canal system. In the 1920s the lampreys moved up through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, some of them pushing on into Huron and Michigan. By the mid-1940s the lake trout, whitefish and chub in Huron and Michigan were under especially severe attack by these predators.

The Soo locks slowed the lamprey invasion of Lake Superior, but eventually they did pass through in numbers, some gaining entry by attaching themselves to the hulls of ships. By the early 1950s they had established spawning runs in about 120 streams flowing into Superior from the U.S. shore.

Electrical barriers were set across streams but did little to stop the lampreys, and Dr. Vernon Applegate of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries was put in charge of a research program to see if a chemical could control them. It took Applegate's unit seven years to devise TFM, a selective chemical poison, which was then applied to streams to kill the young lampreys or larvae. For the first three to eight years or so of its life the sea lamprey is harmless, leading a larval existence in stream muds, filtering microscopic organisms for food. When it becomes an adult, it leaves the stream to feed upon fish. The chemical proved successful and was soon applied to tributaries of Michigan and Huron. Superior did not suffer as great a loss of lake trout as the other Great Lakes, but ever since the arrival of the lamprey, biologists have had to rely on stocking the trout, rather than on natural reproduction, to build up the population. Since 1958, more than 34 million young lake trout have been planted in Superior, and even more will probably be required if natural reproduction is to become viable.

With the sea lamprey under control, attention has turned to other fish invaders. The alewife, which gained entry to Huron and Michigan, has made an irruption in Superior but it has not yet become a problem, apparently because of the low water temperatures. The smelt is another story. An anadromous fish native to the Atlantic Coast, smelt were stocked in a tributary of Lake Michigan

in 1912. They were first recorded in Lake Superior in 1930, and by 1952 their numbers had increased to the point where commercial fishermen began harvesting them. The catch now exceeds one million pounds a year. What effects the smelt have had on the ecology of the lake are not well understood. In some parts of Superior they have replaced the chub as the main food of big lake trout, but they may have depressed the stocks of lake herring by competing for their food. The lake herring, already in decline because of commercial fishing pressure, may soon disappear from Superior as it has from the other Great Lakes, unless restrictive measures are taken. Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, for instance, have curtailed commercial fishing on inshore spawning grounds.

Of all the fishes sought by anglers, the lake trout is the prime quarry. There are charter boats available for lake fishing in Brimley and Munising, Mich.; Rosport, Ontario and other locales, but the most notable fleet, a cooperative of 13 boats, is at Bayfield, Wis. Modern cabin cruisers equipped with twin V-8s can each troll up to 12 lines. The season runs from May until October, and the rate per boat is \$120 a day.

Before the advent of the lamprey, lake trout comprised 99% of the sports catch. Now one can expect a mixed crew of lake trout, rainbows, steelhead, brook trout and occasionally coho salmon, which have enjoyed neither the success nor reputation they have earned in Lake Michigan, probably because they do not have the alewife as forage. In season, excellent trout fishing is to be had in tributary streams. As a matter of fact, a long-standing world-record brook trout of 14½ pounds was caught in the Nipigon River in 1916.

Superior displays some instances of localized pollution. In Nipigon Strait, Ontario, for example, so much debris lies on the bottom from log drives that the area cannot be fished with nets. A population of walleyes in Nipigon Bay has been wiped out, apparently because of pulp-mill wastes. Lake trout cannot be taken and sold commercially from Thunder Bay, Ontario on account of excessive mercury levels in their flesh. (Mercury is used in processing pulp.) There are also high levels of mercury in lake trout caught near Marathon, Ontario, and Marathon, Nipigon and Thunder Bay often smell of hydrogen sulphide

from the mulls. Local boosters call the stench "the smell of money." Several years ago an outraged resident of the Fort William section of Thunder Bay erected a billboard on its outskirts that read: "You are now leaving Fort William—Resume Breathing." Angry politicians had it torn down.

On the American side conditions are worse. According to the Northern Environmental Council Wisconsin's scenic shoreline is being eroded because of mismanagement of the Soo locks' water levels by the International Joint Commission, a body set up to administer the boundary waters, and by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. By keeping the levels artificially high in the lake, the subsequent wave action carves in red clay banks, thereby increasing the turbidity of the waters. Red-clay erosion is also a problem in a number of Wisconsin tributaries, where destructive logging, poor farming practices and inadequate road maintenance have exposed soils to runoff, causing abnormal sedimentation.

Another point of contention is the St. Louis River, which flows into Duluth harbor and suffers from municipal and industrial pollution that has caused extensive fish kills. The St. Louis, the major U.S. tributary to Superior, undergoes additional indignity as it flows through Minnesota's Jay Cooke State Park. It does not flow at all there in the summer months because the Minnesota Power & Light Company diverts the river water for the operation of a power plant.

Given the condition of the St. Louis, it is perhaps ironic that people in Duluth should complain about what Reserve Mining is dumping in the lake. But then, anyone anywhere on the lake should be concerned about what might happen to this giant but fragile body of water. As a pair of Canadian biologists, Richard A. Ryder and Lionel Johnson, told fellow scientists at the international symposium on oligotrophic lakes, Lake Superior and others like it "should be recognized for what they are, swimming pools carved out of granite, with low-nutrient tributaries and a cold annual thermal regime. They are capable of having their environment and their communities severely altered—only too easily. Unless further increases of eutrophication and exploitation are brought to a halt, the lakes will be altered within the next three decades and their demise... may then be irrevocable."

END

The Great Impostor

Is it a cigarette? Definitely not.
 Could a little cigar have such big flavor,
 give you such big pleasure? Definitely yes.
 A&C Little Cigars—slim, filter-tipped—
 made with a very special blend that includes
 fine imported cigar tobaccos...cured for
 mildness and flavor
 Regular or Menthol—in the distinctive
 crush-proof box.

A&C LITTLE CIGARS,
 The Great Impostor.





*Suggested Retail Price with \$100 P.D.E. listed freight and one other dealer delivery charges. Tax, optional. Based on NADA Official Used Car Guide/April '80. (1979 P.D.E. is average used car retail price.)

Some of the most unusual things about a Volkswagen are things you don't usually see.

Look under the fender of a Volkswagen and you'll find something you wouldn't dream of finding, paint.

We use 13 lbs. of it on every VW. And in the most unlikely places. (If you have nothing to do sometime, remove one of our inside door panels and see what's underneath.)

Under the chassis of a Volkswagen you'll find something only a handful of cars in the world have, a sealed steel bottom. This protects all those vital things inside the car from all those vile things out there on the

road. (Look under your car and you'll see how exposed and vulnerable everything is.)

See those four wheels sticking up in the air in the picture below? Well, you can press down on any one of them and move it without any of the others moving. What this means is when the car is right side up and one

wheel hits a bump, none of the other wheels feel a thing.

Now, consider that you get all these luxury car features (and more) at an economy car price... with economy car gas mileage... the most advanced car coverage in the world (Owner's Security Blanket)... and almost unbelievable resale value (a '72 VW retails[†] for as much today as it did new).

You couldn't find a better buy if you stood on your head.



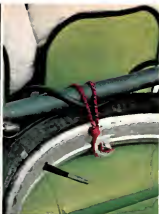
Still \$2625*



PICTURE YOU IN MY NIFTY OLD T FOR TWO

Every year about this time they come rolling into the new season, glittering in bursts of brass and memories, ready to tool along such revival trails as the annual Endurance Run and Lowland Tour out of San Jose—presenting the images at right and on the following pages to prove that the oldtime Model T Speedster is alive and swell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN ALSTON/USA





Engines racing along the Speedsters pour out of San Jose for the run, a 200-mile adventure punctuated by pit stops where one gets out and gets under, and a devilish hill where pushing is perfectly permissible and a strong reverse is handy







WORKING OUT THE UPHILL WIGGLE

The hills get them every time. Up there between San Jose and Santa Clara are the cow trails and bushy hideaways where bandido Joequin Murieta once eluded gringo posses—and up there is where trouble strikes. Somewhere in the dusty turns Louise Anderson proves to be the perfect riding mechanic. Twice the 1914 T blows a bearing babbit, twice she hands over her fancy leather boots so husband Doug can cut out a replacement from them. Not far away—wheeling a much newer 1923 Speedster—Bill McGuire solves the problem of a noisy bearing. He jumps out, pulls the spark plug from the offending cylinder, jumps back in and continues on the remaining three. All around freeze plugs are blowing routinely and just as routinely being replaced with everything from champagne corks to whittled-down five-cent pieces. And the hills are alive with the smell of hot transmissions.

This madness starts down below in San Jose, punctuated by Hoover collars, crinoline dresses, striped blazers and straw boaters. The Santa Clara Valley Model T Club calls it the annual Endurance Run and Lowland Tour—the lowland part is for those venerable machines that can't make it over the mountain and are allowed to go around it. Last year 53 Speedsters started the 200-mile run, thrashing away in a three-abreast indy-style start, each driver suitably dressed and setting out to prove that progress and power steering aside, the Model T is the mechanical marvel of the 20th century. It is more

outgoing than race. To provide the proper test, a diabolical gent named Ed Archer maps out the course on the ruttiest and rock-

iest roads he can find—"Rougher the run, better they like it," he insists, twirling his handlebar mustaches. His route is run in advance by a mystery Speedster; entrants race against that secret time breakdowns and all. But for all but a few of the most dedicated competitors time doesn't really matter at midpoint in the event comes the best pit stop in oil racing—one hour to repair man and machine.

Off again in a fierce clatter, they head back into the hills above Livermore, coming finally to one so steep that most drivers resort to Grandpa's trick of backing up the grade in reverse gear. For one thing, reverse is stronger and less apt to suffer from clutch slippage since it isn't used as often, for another, backing up is about the only way to get fuel from the gravity-flow gas tank to the carburetors. The main hazard is that a backing Speedster wiggles and shimmies in an almost disgraceful fashion. For the survivors—15 T's expired last year, 38 chugged on home—the rest of the run down to the checkered flag is a breeze.

Henry Ford, the original, would have loved it. Between October 1906 and June 1927, he built 14,989—050 Model T's (an estimated 200,000 are still around), not realizing that he was starting an enduring national love affair with an automobile. The Speedster was America's first hot rod, a T converted to a two-seater, with body to suit individual fancy, often bob-tailed, sometimes boat-tailed, usually lowered and outfitted with those ever-loving overhead valves. The neatest thing about it is that there is no such creature as a stock Speedster.

Across the Santa Clara finish line, it turned out that George and Shirley Azevedo had coaxed their 1926 Speedster to victory, finishing just 26 seconds off the mark of 7:56.13 hours. But there were no real losers. Everybody got a handsome certificate to assure the modern world that just finishing signifies "valour, competence and true heroism to this men and his motorcar."

HAL SCHELL

Boiling through the dusty California hills, the T's stay on the attack, racing against an already established time to be revealed after the checkered flag in Santa Clara.

ROOMS, RINKS AND ROOKIES

In a mind-misting routine, National Hockey League scouts wake up in the first and take cryptic notes in the second while sifting talent to determine the third for next week's amateur player draft **by J. D. REED**

If Norman Rockwell had become an existentialist instead of everyone's favorite uncle, he might have tried to express the frustration and unreality of the modern world by focusing closely on the details of hotel and motel rooms. Day after day tens of thousands of wayfarers wake up as "guests of the inn." A more correct term might be prisoner, for to one way of thinking the guest room is a form of torture as sophisticated as any to be found in a spy novel.

You lie in these color-coordinated plasterboard rectangles and reach the edge of hysteria looking at the objects emptied from your pockets on the imitation walnut, no-mar surface of the dresser: wallet, rent-a-car keys, Roloids,

room key, a creased hockey program, books of matches that lay out the last two weeks of travel through the Ontario boondocks and advertise a succession of restaurants to be avoided. Too, there are yesterday's socks, ticket stubs, flocked with tobacco, full ashtrays, club sandwich remains and five credit cards face down like a blind man's poker hand.

On your way to the bathroom you check the room key to make sure that you know where you are. The similarity of motel rooms makes it possible to fall asleep in St. Paul and wake up in Ramsgton. You make a cup of lukewarm instant coffee on the infernal machine hanging from the wall, retreat to the bed, put 25¢ in the Magic Fingers vibrator and

watch whatever happens to be on television, holding on very tightly until it's time to go to the coffee shop for breakfast.

If you happen to be a professional scout in the National Hockey League you become hardened to these morning terrors. Jim Sutherland is a professional hockey scout. He is 45 years old and employed by the California Golden Seals. Before he became a scout Sutherland was a traveling salesman, he has been used to dealing with a kind of permanent dedication most of his adult life. During the intense, 32-week hockey season Sutherland doesn't see much of his home in Amherst, Mass. "In the past 10 days I have been home for eight hours' sleep



and breakfast," he muses over another breakfast, this one in Toronto. "Or was it dinner?"

That night Sutherland huddles against the cold, cement-block wall of Treasure Island Garden, an ice arena in London, Ontario. As he reads the evening's program—he does so with the care of a biblical scholar—the metal doors keep opening, admitting Ontarians in pointy black shoes and '30s haircuts and a good deal of snow. But not even a full-scale blizzard will keep 4,000 fans from gathering to watch the London Knights take on the feisty Sudbury Wolves. This is the cream of Canadian youth hockey, the Ontario Hockey Association's Major Junior A League for players 20 and under.

What the fans may never know is that at least 18 NHL scouts will also be watching, and these men couldn't care less about towns, teams, scores, rules or standings. They sit high in the corner of the stands, Montreal scouts shoulder to shoulder with Boston scouts, and so on. Last night they were in Peterborough, to-

morrow night they will be in Kitchener, the next night in St. Catharines. They go from arena to arena, meat-loaf dinner to meat-loaf dinner.

Sutherland is feverish before the game. He must know the height, weight and age of each player. He must know which players are on negotiation lists for other teams. There are added pressures. The Golden Seals have been sold back to the NHL by Owner Charlie Finley. This means a new general manager, Garry Young, has taken over. Heads may roll, and Sutherland's with them. Chief Seal Scout Ed Reagle is here tonight, nervous, pacing, whipping his men into action.

Bernie Assaly, a Seal scout based in Montreal, complains, "I don't think I'll ever get warm again. I'll see 120 hockey games this year. All that ice! And last night in the hotel . . . newlyweds in the next room. No sleep, frozen. Why does a reasonable man do this?"

There is no time to pursue an answer. O Canada comes over the P.A. system. By the time the first period begins, Suth-

erland has covered his program with numbers, lines, arrows, stars, shorthand and spilled coffee. It looks like the original score for a John Cage piano concerto. Trying to figure out each scout's private number and letter code would put a Pentagon cryptologist to the test.

"I've got my own statistical code," says Sutherland. "It makes me feel safer. If I dropped this program and another scout picked it up, he wouldn't even know who I was looking at. But mostly it's just for efficiency. There are too many things I have to write down. I think most scouts do the same. They develop a numerical shorthand so they can eventually see part of the game."

Ten minutes into the first period Sutherland has not finished writing. He has taken out a deck of 3 x 5 cards and is scribbling furiously on them. Around him other scouts are doing the same, their heads going up and down over their programs like those joke-shop drinking ducks you sometimes see on the back bars of cute taverns.

An exception is the Boston Bruins' John Carlton. Like Sutherland, Carlton is on a "crossover" tour. Sutherland's normal beat is American college hockey and Carlton sticks fairly close to Boston, mostly covering the American Hockey League and the New England schools. This evening, with most of the work already done by other Bruin scouts, Carlton makes only occasional notations on his program, recording goals and assists.

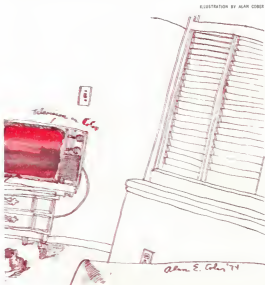
"The crossover tour is a form of recharging your batteries," says Carlton. "Say you watch college hockey in the U.S. all year, like Jim. You can go stale seeing the same players game after game, driving around on the same circuit. Then you come up here and see new kids, a different style. It freshens you up."

As if to prove the point, the Knights and the Wolves get into a savage scrap. There are so many red and black gloves on the ice it looks as if someone had thrown a crate of mixed raspberries and blackberries from high in the stands. One player catches the referee in the forehead with a looping overhead left. The fans set up a roar, happily pouring popcorn down each other's necks.

"This kind of gloves-off fighting isn't allowed in the NCAA," Carlton points

continued

MOTEL rooms, each, it begins to seem, exact-ly like the last, are the scouts' purgatory.



out, "but it certainly is in the NHL. So when Sutherland goes back to the States, he's got it in mind again that a kid has to have ruggedness for the pros."

Sutherland finishes writing by the second period, finally able to watch the game with full attention. He bonds forward, elbows on knees. He jokes with a scout from another team when his negotiated player makes a mistake.

But there is a look in the eyes of these scouts that betrays the humor. You get the same feeling from surgeons: a stare that seems to go through you as if you were being X-rayed, prodded, plumbed and measured. There is a ruthless quality to their stares at players, a kind of Last Judgment of sport, in which the player becomes a sinner before the throne, unable to hide even one equivocation of faith or transgression.

But perhaps this is too severe. Jim Sutherland says, "We scout because we enjoy hockey. If I find a kid somewhere out in the backwoods and draft him and he works out with the big club, it gives me a good feeling. I feel proud that he got the chance."

By the end of the second period some of the scouts have seen enough and head for their cars. They may listen to the game on radio during the 120-mile drive through the blizzard back to Toronto, but not to find out who won, only to check goals and assists.

As he crawls through the storm on the drifted-over highway, Sutherland talks about himself. Atypically, he is an American. Most scouts, most pro players, are Canadian. But he did spend part of his youth in the Maritime Provinces, particularly on Prince Edward Island, a beautiful and violent center of hockey madness out in the Atlantic.

"P.E.I. is where I learned the game and learned to love it," Sutherland, a former goalie, reflects.

But he never played professional hockey. Recently he had been a traveling salesman for an engineering firm, selling cutting tools to the aircraft industry. When he was laid off in 1970, he moved to Amherst, got another sales job and became a bird dog, a man who has a deal with a regular scout to look at games the scout is too busy to see.

Amherst is geographically central for coverage of New England hockey and a hotbed of education. Working from there, Sutherland got his break. "It was 1972 and I happened to see this kid,

Larry Patey, playing for the Brampton Hawks, a semipro club. He was going to Boston University, but he couldn't play there because when he played Junior A in Canada he, of course, got paid. Now Larry is with our Salt Lake City farm team and he is getting a lot of goals."

Because Sutherland impressed the Scouts with his ability to find talent in the woodwork, he was hired as a full-time scout. Before the NHL expansion of 1967 the six established teams had few scouts. The talent had to come to those six. Next season there will be 18 clubs in the NHL and 14 in the WHA. With 32 teams competing for talent that once was split only six ways, scouting life is jumping.

"It's hard on the OHA these days," says Sutherland. "It simply can't supply all the needs of the teams, so we are turning more and more to American college hockey." The major league teams have an average of five full-time scouts each. Some 300 to 400 players are eligible to be drafted every year. This makes a ratio of about one scout to every three players. And the cost is zooming. The 150-odd scouts spend in the neighborhood of \$500,000 a season just on expenses: travel, food and motels. Including salaries and other costs, the pros spend perhaps \$2 million on scouting.

The lobby of Toronto's Royal York hotel is filled with giant farmers in old blue suits. The Ontario Plowman's Association is meeting, and standing in the middle of the milling farmers, like a patch of flowers in a pasture, are beauty queens from Ontario fairs and the association's own Queen of the Furrows.

Hockey scouts drift into the lobby, waiting for lunch. They look more worn than snow, probably because last night a local TV station showed an X-rated movie at midnight. They nod knowingly to similarly exhausted salesmen who are checking out.

Sutherland mentions that he is writing a book on the history of scouting with the former Episcopal bishop of Montana, Chandler Sterling, author of *The Ferocious Game*, an account of a season with the Chicago Black Hawks. "The good reverend really dug into scouting,"

says Sutherland. "He found that the Romans got things going. They sent talent scouts to the provinces looking for new gladiators among the slaves. They also had regular training camps to sort them

out and decide which went to Rome and which went to the smaller arenas."

"By the Middle Ages talent scouts were out looking for good soldier material for the Crusades, and this kept up in France for a long time. That still goes on, you know; sergeants are always looking at recruits, checking if any are good enough for officer's school. Captains are looking at sergeants, and so on."

"And now in sports all teams have scouts. The college teams call them 'assistant coaches,' but they're really out in the high schools scouting almost full time. Even college *bonds* have scouts. When I'm on a campus, I see football scouts, even an early baseball scout once in a while. And I always see the recruiters from business—IBM, Peace Corps, whatever. They're scouting, too."

"Take Miss Furrow over there," he says, pointing to a knot of plain girls with nosebags. "You can bet there's a beauty scout around here, too."

One of those 10th-grade illustrations of the food chain came to mind—a small fish being swallowed by a larger fish being swallowed by a larger fish, etc., until there is finally a single immense shark taking up the whole Pacific with all marine life in its stomach. We may come to the day when the last Big Scout and the last Big Talent stand on a wind-torn cliff with the final Big Contract between them, everyone else having been recruited.

A few days later Sutherland is in Boston, riding to the Garden, that ruined dweller of American sports arenas, in a taxi with a popular bumper sticker: GOD BLESS OUR COUNTRY. The driver brandishes a copy of *The Hockey News*, a weekly paper devoted exclusively to the sport. "This is as close to hockey as I can get," he complains. "My doctor won't let me go to games or watch them on TV. My heart, you know."

"Yes, I know," says Sutherland. He had a heart attack himself, an precursing, business days. He finds that scouting is not only less tense and demanding than business, but that scouts are even getting media attention. "When I go out to certain college games I get interviewed on local sports shows on radio and TV. They want to know what their team will be facing next week, things like that."

Boston's North Station is the entrance to the Garden, and walking through it is like traversing hell to get to heaven. Near smashed wine bottles stands a small,

continued

Have one of mine.

Get hold of
honest taste.
Have an
Old Gold.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Valuable Gift Stars
Coupons, too.

10 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73



Clark trailers deliver the goods for California shoppers.



At hand, throughout the world, count on Clark's.



Dozing sand, too, Clark Michigan has the power and guts of both.

Clark motor wheels help keep Rocky Mountain passes open.



Austin Western hydraulic crane makes easy work of heavy lifting.





Tense steel strapping allows quick re-loading from bottom or sides.



Clark's built a big crane for big jobs, and it's better.



A stack in paper works—Clark forklifts get it done.

Then reconfiguring is fast and easy, and a Wilson Forklift Loadolator.



Clark Equipment gets it done!

You can count on it. Because the equipment is good to begin with. And because your Clark dealer knows how to keep it that way. When you're under pressure to get a job done, that's good to know.

**CLARK
EQUIPMENT**

Buchanan, Michigan 49107

Clark compactor puts the finishing touch on a German asphalt.



PARKER 75



**If they're identical "under the hood," why make two?
For the same reason Rolls-Royce makes Bentley.**

A Bentley differs from a Rolls-Royce only in its grille design. A modicum less in price, the Bentley is for people who like to go first class in a quiet way.

Active, you see the Parker 75 Ball Pen (in back) and the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. In solid sterling silver, the former costs \$15, the latter \$12.

Obviously their differences are slight. The 75 Ball Pen has a greater girth in hand, and a cap-actuated point. (An easy pressure extends the point for use or retracts it into its gleaming sheath.) It has a high clip for

trim, pocket-level appearance.

The 75 Classic is a somewhat leaner breed, precise in the hand, with a point that's pushbutton-controlled.

Beneath their elegant exterior, however, both mount the same durable engine: a microscopically textured tungsten-carbide ball, seated in stainless steel, linked to an ink supply that writes better months longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

Each pen puts down the same clean, crisp track seemingly without effort. And each skims across the page like some

Grand Prix racer.

Naturally each is guaranteed. If either fails to perform due to defects, we will repair or replace it—no charge.

Which one should you give as a gift? Happily, there is no wrong decision. People who appreciate the important nuances own both. Which one should you select for yourself?

It's all a

matter of

personal

taste.



PARKER

World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Ball Pen is available in sterling silver, 14K gold-fill, vermeil or brushed stainless steel. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is available in sterling silver, 23K gold electroplate, vermeil or brushed stainless steel. Matching Pencils. Engraving areas will accommodate full monogram.

well-dressed group of hockey scouts. Tonight Boston plays host to the semi-finals of the Eastern College Athletic Association's hockey playoffs. Harvard, RPI, Cornell and Boston University are in contention. Most of the 18 scouts at tonight's games got here in three or four cars. "It may seem like a conflict of interest," says Sutherland, "but it gets lonely on the road, and you know the other scouts pretty well after a season or two. We don't discuss individual players or things like that, but it's damn nice to have company."

When RPI takes the ice against favored Harvard, the crowd does not set up the Ontario howling heard in London. It is definitely college: Air Force parkas, brown-rice muscles and Norwegian sweaters that smell like baa-baa black sheep. Between periods the scouts gather in the press room for coffee or beer and talk with a college coach or two. "An NHL scout never actually talks to a college player," says Sutherland. "I've never even said hello to one. We all deal

through the coaches. Some are better than others, of course. Some of them don't want you anywhere near the town, much less the players."

Like his colleagues, Sutherland is working against a strict deadline: he must have his talent snuffed out by May 28, the date of the NHL amateur player draft. "A scout's responsibility to a player ends with the draft," he says. "No one goes around saying, 'Oh, Sutherland brought that guy in,' or anything like that. We really are talent scouts who just find and rate kids. We're not their advisers or coaches."

And rating may be the most difficult of a scout's jobs. "There is rarely any disagreement on who we're going to try to draft in the first round or so," says Sutherland. "The problem comes when you try to decide which player to rank 95th and which to rank 96th. That's where scouts earn their pay."

By the end of the second period of the second game of the night, the scouts are

showing the strain. "This isn't the worst," says Sutherland. "Last year in the ECAC playoffs I watched three games in four hours—at Harvard for a period and a half, then a fast drive to BU for another period and a half, and then another roadrun out to BC to pick up the last period there. By the time I was done, it took a day or two to sort out what I'd seen there."

On the way back to the inevitable motel room, this one in Cambridge, an exhausted Sutherland sits in the taxi clutching an attaché case full of carefully noted player strengths and eligibility rules. He looks like a tired business rep after seeing his last client of the week. But he is in a reflective mood and talks easily about the coming scouting battle.

There is an NCAA rule, applying to hockey as well as other sports, that may get broken very soon. If it does, everything in professional scouting is going to be turned upside down. The NCAA says that no kid can play in college who has ever accepted money for the sport, right?

continued

RONIL...the newest disposable lighter with many more lights than any other disposable. Only \$1.49

■ Safe, reliable, durable ■ Extra-large butane capacity... guaranteed to produce more lights than any other disposable lighter ■ Fuel supply window tells at a glance how much butane is left ■ Fingertip adjustable flame: low for cigarettes, medium for cigars, high for pipes.

■ Slim attractive styling with stainless steel windscreen... in four exciting colors ■ Fully guaranteed by Ronson... world's largest manufacturer of butane lighters.

RONSON
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT



Suggested retail price.
© 1974 Ronson Corporation, U.S.A. Also available in Canada.



"Lights-Camera-Action"

Forget about the lights. Kodak XL movie cameras are designed especially to gather up nearly every bit of available light so you don't need movie lights. Just the light that's there, whether it's the light in your living room—the lights on your terrace—the torch lights at the luncheon—or the candlelight on a birthday cake sparkling in the eyes of a seven-year-old.

Kodak XL movie cameras have a fast f/1.2 lens, an enlarged shutter opening, and viewing and metering systems that let the light go to the film. Drop Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film in an XL movie camera and shoot.

Kodak XL movie cameras have a

unique shape for a firm grip. That means clearer, sharper movies. And the zoom model lets you zoom back, wide or in close without moving your feet.

From less than \$120 at your photo dealer's The XL55 (shown) with power zoom is less than \$235.

For a complete listing of dealers, write for our dealer locator card.



Kodak XL movie cameras.
Movies without movie lights.



HOCKEY SCOUT continued

"Well, two kids from BU were suspended because they had played junior hockey in Canada. Juniors get up to \$60 a week during the season, and it is given to them straight out, as salary. That's not much, of course, but it's enough for the NCAA and ECAC.

"The kids were declared ineligible. They decided to fight the ruling. They got a lawyer and went to court. A federal judge handed down an injunction saying the NCAA could not impose any sanctions until the case is finally decided. That gives you some idea of the seriousness of the matter.

"And the kids' reasoning is pretty valid. The NCAA says an American athlete can have books, tuition, free room and board and jobs that are nonparticipatory in sports. So take a kid at Harvard. Over four years that amounts to about \$24,000. Plus college kids get jobs like being towel boy in the locker room and pick up \$50 a week or so. Next to the \$60 a week offered up in Canada, things seem out of proportion. It's just a matter of terminology.

"Now, if these guys win and the NCAA has to back off and let kids in who have played some kind of semipro hockey, the Canadian leagues are going to be overrun with college scouts. All the so-called assistant coaches in the U.S. will be up there competing with the NHL and the WHA. A lot of kids are going to take the college route, get an education and a secure future instead of going pro. It will be a madhouse for a few years."

Back in the motel room it is difficult to remember if this is Boston or Toronto or London or Montreal or if one is floating down the St. Lawrence Seaway and out to the ocean. Thirty or more hockey scouts sitting alone in motel rooms like this one will probably not be wondering the same thing. There is a game tomorrow night, and statistics to be entered in the books.

If this is Friday, it must be Boston. They served scotch in the press room at the Garden, and there is no X-rated him on late-night TV. Jim Sutherland is packing for Vermont. "I have to leave in the morning," he says. "A few more weeks now and it'll be over. Then the draft and I'll be home for the summer." And next fall the friendly innkeeper will turn back the starched sheets, and wipe the fingerprints off the mirror, and Sutherland will start again. END

"Even though you're not taking as many long trips now, you still need a quality motor oil like Valvoline."

A. J. Foyt, Champion race driver, car builder and master mechanic



"Most people are cutting down on long distance driving to save gasoline. But that doesn't mean their car's engines need any less protection. Because short trips and stop and go driving are as hard on your car's engine as the Indy 500 is on my racing engines. That's why I use Valvoline Motor Oil on the street as well as on the track."

Water condenses in your crankcase when your car is cold. During short trips, your engine may not get hot enough to steam off that water. And water, mixing with the oil, can cause sludge. Valvoline Motor Oil fights the harmful effects of contaminants while it protects your engine.

If you're not driving as many miles today, sludge can still be a problem. Because it forms even when your car sits idle. So remember to change your oil after the number of months—not just the number of miles—the manufacturer recommends. And when you change, change to Valvoline.

Valvoline. There's a quality Valvoline Motor Oil for every kind of car, every kind of driving.



Valvoline-Oil Company Ashland, Ky.  Division of Ashland, Inc.

Sleepy time on the Ohio

First it was Sparky Anderson, then the Giants, in a dozer of a game

Sparky Anderson of the Cincinnati Reds is known as one of the sharpest managers in baseball, so what was he doing dozing in the training room during a game last week with the San Francisco Giants? Well, it seems that Anderson had minor ear surgery that morning, and the anesthesia had not yet worn off. Sparky missed quite a game.

The Reds' Roger Nelson had a no-hitter going for seven innings, but Bobby Bonds broke it up with a two-run homer in the eighth. Later that inning Mike Phillips, the young Giant infielder, neglected to take his turn at bat. Coach Alex Grammas, standing in for Anderson, noticed it. The Giants and the P.A. announcer did not. As Garry Maddox stepped to the plate, the P.A. proclaimed that Phillips was hitting.

Biding his time, Grammas waited to see what Maddox would do. What he did was take two strikes. Then Charlie Fox, the Giant manager, reacted, to wit: "I looked up and said, 'What the hell is he doing up there?'"

Even before Maddox had stepped into the box, he knew, he said, that "something was messed up. It turned out to be me. By the time I was ready to ask about it, Tito Fuentes had made an out, so I went up." And fled out.

Phillips? He thought Fuentes had been

batting for him. Actually, Fuentes was batting for Charlie Williams, the pitcher, who had been moved up to No. 1 in the order, and. . .

Oh, well, Pedro Borbon came on in the ninth to save a 4-3 victory for the Reds. Sweet dreams, Sparky.

THE WEEK

(May 12/83)

AL WEST

In a single inning three Kansas City players reached first base and were thrown out trying to take another base, and in a single game the Royals made eight errors. These were perhaps pardonable sins, for Kansas City was the hottest team in the league with 10 wins in 14 games. Doug Bird emerged as the Royals' best pitcher, scaling off five victories and achieving an 0-40 ERA over 11 games. "He's right up there with Rolfe Fingers, Cy Acosta, Sparky Lyle and John Haler among baseball's best relievers," said Manager Jack McKeon. Bird had to wonder if he would have sufficient rest. "Late last season," he said, "I got wore out."

Oakland was the beneficiary of those eight KC errors in an 11-2 win, and Manager Alvin Dark was amazed at how well his club was doing (7-3) without injured Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando. One bit of fortune was the emergence of 27-year-old Gaylen Puts, the seventh man to play second base for Oakland this year. Puts put the A's in first by doubling home the winning run at a 2-1 victory, also over the Royals. But Oakland's luck ran out against Chicago. After the A's tied the White Sox 4-4 on another Pats Rill, rain washed out the inning and the run, the score reverting back to the seventh to endow Chicago with a 4-3 win. Ironically, White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner had campaigned last year for a rule change that would have had rained-out games continued to their conclusion another day. In better weather Saturday the White Sox took over first by beating the A's 3-2.

Hard times beset the Rangers, with Jim Fregosi suffering from muscle spasms, Jim Spencer unable to run well enough to play and Dave Nelson still recovering from a collision with Lenny Randle. Texas' woes were eased somewhat by young David Clyde, who beat California 6-1 for his third complete-game win. "I think I subconsciously realized that I shouldn't try to beat Nolan Ryan," he said. "I don't overpower people like he does." But "stoppers" Ferguson Jenkins and Jim Bibby lost their third and fourth straight, respectively.

Minnesota Manager Frank Quilici successfully discarded book strategy twice, to the chagrin of purists. First he had Outfield-

er Larry Hise swing away in an apparent bust situation, and Hise homered to give the Twins a 2-1 lead over California. Then Quilici decided not to wait for starter Joe Decker to get into trouble, and replaced him with Bill Campbell at the start of the ninth inning. Campbell preserved the game for his eighth save. (He has now figured in 12 of the club's 15 victories.) Thus encouraged, the Twins blasted the Angels 10-4 the next day to move out of the cellar.

New tenant California began the week with Manager Bobby Winkles complaining after a doubleheader loss to Kansas City. "It's tough to get beaten by a team that just seems to drag around." Retorted a Royal, "He's the dumbest manager in baseball." The Angels did little for Winkles' case by losing three of their next four. In the defeats they averaged two runs and 10 men left on base. Adding to Angel woes, Ryan, holder of baseball's strikeout record, was giving up walks as another record pace.

CHIC 10-12 OAK 15-12 KC 10-12
TEX 12-10 MINN 15-12 CAL 17-20

AL EAST

At one point the first four teams were separated not by games but percentage points—two of them. It was the closest mid-May race in the history of divisional play. Of course, tight standings often are a mark of spring, like slumping stars and surging hotshots. While Baltimore's Cy Young Award winner Jim Palmer was beaten for the fourth straight time, a 20-year-old Milwaukee rookie, Kevin Kobel, defeated New York twice. Another Brewer rookie, 18-year-old Shortstop Robin Yount, hit .381 to raise his average 40 points to .2351 as Milwaukee won five of seven to move into second. At the other end of the age span, Detroit took four of five and edged into first. Mickey Lolich, finally getting into stride, won a three-hitter and a five-hitter, John Hiller saved two games and Willie Horton clubbed his eighth homer.

Divisional favorite Baltimore recorded its first shutout of the year when ram game Mike Cuellar a six-inning decision, but the Orioles were far from awesome. What did it mean? "What it means," said Manager Earl Weaver, "is that there's been no opportunity for the depth of the good teams, like us, to show up yet."

In Boston there was continuing concern over Second Baseman Doug Griffin, out since he was beaten by Nolan Ryan April 30. Tommy Harper, Rocco Perrelli and Bob Venie had other assorted ills. The healthiest of the Red Sox seemed to be Pitcher Bill Lee (one win) and Catcher Carlton Fisk (two homers), unmarked despite reports of a clubhouse scrap between them.

Cleveland slugger George Hendrick hit his sixth homer to help Gaylord Perry to his fifth victory in a 2-3 Indian win. New York's

continued



1. Jungle John Wagner claimed he'd be lost without his hand-carved, rhino-tusk cigarette holder. He found it gave him cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. You've got Parliament. The recessed filter is tucked back, away from your lips.



3. With Parliament, you never taste the filter, just rich, clean tobacco flavor. The hunt is over.

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





In Germany, where fuel economy is a must and roads are demanding, the best selling car is Opel.

Opel's 1984 Manta is the most popular car in Germany. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

In a country where economy is a must and roads are demanding, Opel's 1984 Manta is the most popular car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

Economy under difficult conditions.

Yet despite all this, the German car must be a good price/performance package. In other words, it must have a reasonable fuel economy. In other words, it must be a reasonable car. And Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package.

European Exuberance.

It is in the midst of these difficult conditions that Opel's 1984 Manta is the most popular car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

To handle the demands of a car that's a good price/performance package, Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

German, but not Spartan.

Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

Very affordable.

Despite the fact Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package, Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package.

The standard Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.

Drivers. At a price that's a good price/performance package, Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package.



Opel's 1984 Manta is a car that's a good price/performance package. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row. It's the best selling car in the country for the 10th year in a row.



Opel. The best selling car in Germany.

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(Its buyers demanded the best)



The Car:

the extremely rare 1930 Ruxton Phaeton, with front-wheel drive and 100-hp engine. Only about 200 Ruxtons were built.

The Whiskey:

that elegant straight-8, Walker's Deluxe. Smoothly impressive bourbon made from choicest grain and aged 8 years to perfect maturity. Its buyers demand the best.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



usually mild-mannered Manager Bill Vardon was kicked out of a game but failed to ignite the Yankees, who lost five of six.

DET 16-15 MIL 16-15 BALY 17-16
NY 16-20 CLEV 17-16 BOS 17-16

NL WEST Cincinnati won six of seven, but still lost ground to Los Angeles (page 28). Houston dropped all eight of its games—four to the Dodgers—and lost ground to everyone. There was a Humble Community Night in honor of a small town north of Houston, and the Astros understandably played down to the occasion. Shortstop Roger Metzger, Most Valuable Astro in 1973, returned to the lineup after a tongue-swallowing accident—and booted his first chance, setting up a Cincinnati score. Errors by Lee May and Claude Osteen cost two more unearned runs in a 4-2 defeat. Meansville, attendance was down 127,000. If they do no better than their current 13,722-per-game average, the Astros will draw barely a million—their lowest total since moving into the Astrodome in 1965.

It is not often that Atlanta has a good week, so this was one to relish. The Braves took five straight, capped by an 11-inning 5-3 win over the Dodgers. Mike Lum won it with a double to end L.A.'s nine-game winning streak and gave the Braves their first win in Dodger Stadium since 1972. Carl Morton set down the Giants 5-1 on three hits and the Padres 11-1 on six. Even when the team lost Ron Reed for six weeks with a broken hand off a first-inning Bobby Tolan liner, Buzz Capra, Garry Gentry and Danny Frawley shut out the Padres the rest of the way.

There was varied news from San Francisco. Mike Caldwell, whose 5-14 record with San Diego caused cries of "Who's Caldwell?" when he was acquired in a trade for Willie McCovey, became the first National League six-game winner with a 4-0 Cincinnati shutout. Good news. After being benched for the first time in his career. Billy Bonds went 9-for-22. More good news. But where was Ron Bryant, the league's biggest winner (24-82) last year? In and out of the bullpen with an 0-3 record and 10.13 ERA. And the Giants were a struggling third.

McCovey finally homered in San Diego's 16th game, and the Padres ran their latest losing streak to nine.

LA 20-10 CIN 16-15 SF 21-16
HOUS 20-21 ATL 16-20 SD 15-26

NL EAST They were yelling rather than talking baseball in Philadelphia. For one thing, the Phillies had to scream to be heard above the hockey Flyers' din. For another, there was the phrase, "Yes, we can!" that Second Baseman Dave Cash coined when he came over to the club from Pittsburgh this year. Finally, the Phils

had just cause to sound off—they were winning. After they swept a three-game series from Pittsburgh for the first time since 1969, Manager Danny Ozark cried, "We're a lot like that other team in town." The noise subsided temporarily during a game with Montreal when First Baseman Tommy Hunter allowed the Expos' Ron Hunt to go to second by letting a popped-up sacrifice fall. Ken Singleton then singled Hunt home for the winning run. "We gave it away," muttered Ozark. "Everybody was yelling, 'Let it drop, let it drop,' and Hunt took off." Invited Hutton "Nobody yelled anything. Ron knows I'm a smart ballplayer. If I had been a dummy, I'd have caught the ball, doubled him off first, and we'd still be playing."

Hutton made up for it with two homers in a subsequent 6-3 win over Montreal, and when Mike Schmidt's 160-foot shot powered the Phils to a seven-run sixth inning against the Pirates, they found themselves in a first-place tie with St. Louis. "The shouting is over," said Cash. "These guys believe in themselves now."

New York's slogan of last year, remember, was "You Gotta Believe," but for an instant the Mets relived *Can't Get Ahead Here Play This Game?* That was when Toldy Martinez and John Milner wound up on third simultaneously in a game at St. Louis. Both were tagged out. But they beat the Cards 6-4 in that one and survived a strained muscle of Believer Tug McGraw as the starters won three more. Bob Apodaca beat St. Louis 5-3, Tom Seaver blanked the Expos 5-0 on five hits and 13 strikeouts and Jon Matlack shot them out 6-0 on four hits. The 4-2 week moved New York into fourth place, just 2½ games out.

The stars in St. Louis continued to be Lou Brock (25 stolen bases in a row) and Reggie Smith (41.9 average, 24 RBIs in 25 games). Montreal had but one—Steve Rogers, who beat the Phillies 9-2 for his sixth win and fifth complete game.

Chicago's Cubs who, of course, play no night games at Wrigley Field, dropped four of five on the road, including an 11-2 bombing by St. Louis, to go 2-10 under the lights. The Cubs were the only team Pittsburgh could beat. Jim Rooker pitched 11 excellent innings and the Pirates won 5-2 when Chicago's Bill Bonham threw a wild pitch with the bases loaded. Rooker has pitched well in six starts and has a 1.65 ERA, yet his record is just 2-2. Such were things in Pittsburgh that the Pirates were looking to the bottom of the batting order for success. Rache Heber, Marao Mendonza and Pitcher Ken Brett had seven hits and all the runs in a 5-2 victory over the Cubs. Brett, who is batting .539 and has two homers, is a pitcher to make sluggers weep.

PHIL 16-16 ST. L. 16-16 MONY 14-14
NY 17-16 CHC 15-16 PITT 11-21

Superstitious?

In our most compulsive desire to make new friends, we had decided to give away a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

It's a real treat to get a whole truckload of MACK THE KNIFE—masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated various MACK Knife Of The Year. But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious superhumanity who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an important friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye"), we should assess a token charge. Reluctantly giving in to this froggy-like we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," although we vetoed \$4.95! AND...the knife is all. For the \$1, you'll get a COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND-A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE to boot.

haverhill's
100% CASHMERE
100% CASHMERE



After many days of frustration the chance finally came to kill a gobbler on Callahan's Ridge but, as usual, everything went to pot—except the bird

A real turkey of a shoot

This is the story of three turkey hunters, and the wild turkeys they did not kill in Virginia a fortnight ago. The story begins in the middle, in a smelly trailer parked in a dark forest on a night when the owls hooted too often and small birds cringed in their nests, disturbed by the howling laughter below. What provoked the howls was a cacophony of these sounds: gobbles and clucks, whines, purrs, waddles and puts, and Kee-Kee runs, all of them turkey calls, all failures. One of the hunters had said, "Learn to yelp in the spring and Kee-Kee in the fall, and you'll get birds." But there were no birds. There was only bacon grease soaked into everything, garbage strewn on the trailer's tiny floor, bodies starved for sleep, and frustration now verging on delirium.

It was a typical turkey hunt. The hunters, moderate men as a rule, had turned as wild as the turkeys, and though few turkeys were actually seen, there were plenty of signs. Droppings decorated every trail, and the hunters picked them up and sniffed and kneaded them. "Fresh," they would say, peering into the brush,

or "yesterday's" or "I never bother to taste it anymore."

They were hunting for America's largest game bird and, in many ways, its toughest hunting challenge. Turkey hunters say their bird has the keenest sight of any wild thing, and that by comparison deer are blind. So the search can be a strain, calling for sacrifices. A favorite story all week was that of the Mississippi turkey hunter who boasted, "I'm the best damn turkey hunter in the South, but I've lost my wife, my kids, my family, my house, my cars and my bank account." What a man, the three hunters would say, what courage. But they had impressive credentials, too.

One of them was James F. Brady of Peekskill, N.Y., author of *Modern Turkey Hunting* (Crown, 1973). He had recently received a call from a soul mate in Newport, Pa., Harry Boyer, the current national turkey-calling champion. They had an odd conversation, with very few words, and arranged to hunt together in Virginia. Several weeks later, after a five-hour drive down from Peekskill, Brady pulled into Boyer's driveway, gob-

bling, yelping and Kee-Keeing. A Newport milkman named Glenn Fleisher was there, too, a fine down-home turkey hunter, and the four of us then piled into Boyer's 1965 Studebaker, a turkey in its own right. The headlights kept going out at intervals on dark Virginia highways, putting all in a nervous snit and setting a mad tone for the trip.

At 5:30 a.m. Brady, who had been traveling for 18 straight hours, and his pals arrived in Wythe County, the best in Virginia for bearded wild turkeys, going by last spring's record when 114 were shot. The hunters immediately dressed up as woodmen—or menwoods, rather—in camouflage pants, jackets, hats and masks with eyeholes, and they trudged off to kill turkeys. Dawn passed. Dawn is the magic hour for turkey hunting in spring, which is the turkey mating season, the time when the male turkey earns his nickname of gobbler. High in his roosting tree he gobbles away, then flutters down to gobble some more, all in hopes that girl friends will hear and begin lining up. But the gobbler will do the chasing if necessary, homing in on the yelping hen, gobbling as he goes, giving away his location to the hunter. This is the essence of hunting in spring, when only gobblers may be killed. The hunter hears a gobbler and he begins yelping what is technically known as "the cry of a love-sick hen," *keow keow keow*, a high-pitched, barking sound made with one of two metal-and-rubber mouth calls. If this does not draw in a gobbler the hunter gives him a gobble with a wooden gobbler box or with another mouth call. As Boyer says, "Awaken his desire, then make him jealous."

So our hunters held their breath and waited for gobbling to begin, but none did. They said it was the most thrilling sound to be heard in the wild, and they waited some more, for days. The alarm rang each morning at 3:30 a.m., to groans. Someone usually tripped in the dark clutter of the trailer. The gas lantern sent out its fumes, and the sea of bacon grease began to sputter and rise. It was cold, and a good time for sleeping.

A spring turkey-hunting day in Virginia ends at 11 a.m., and in the afternoons and evenings Brady, Boyer and Fleisher drove through the countryside, stopping at the edges of roads to gobble toward hills and woods, hoping to locate turkeys for the next morning.

continued



Whatever you drive, Firestone steel radials can help you save gas.

If you've seen our television commercials, you know the story.

When we matched our 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500™ against our own original equipment belted bias tire, the Steel Radial 500 proved* it could deliver up to 30 extra miles of highway driving from a tankful of gas.

When we matched our Transteel Radial* truck tire against our own bias ply truck tire (on a huge truck like the one above) the Transteel Radial

proved* it could reduce the amount of fuel needed up to 6% at highway speeds.

When you decide to put our Steel Radial 500 on your car, you'll not only put extra miles into every tankful of gas you buy, you'll put on a tire that gives you a smooth ride, quick positive handling, steel belted strength, and up to four years of average driving.

So whatever you drive, if you're worried about getting more miles per gallon, Firestone has the steel radial tires that can give them to you.

*Test results available at most Firestone Dealers and Stores



Firestone

Steel Radial 500 • The Gas Saver

STOP THAT SCRATCHING!



Medical scientists have great news for guys who are always scratching their scalps because of dandruff, seborrhea or even psoriasis.

They have now developed Denorex® Medicated Shampoo—50% stronger in the medication doctors recommend for flaking, itching scalp than the leading medicated shampoo. Helps remove ugly white scales, medicates scabby lesions, controls flaking, relieves itch, helps lift off seborrhea.

No matter what shampoo you have used before—get Denorex, bottle or tube.

Guaranteed: Your money back if you're not satisfied. Whitehall Laboratories, New York, N.Y. 10017.



DENOREX

1% POTASSIUM
SULFIDE
DANOLIN



DENOREX®
Medicated Shampoo

HUNTING *continued*

One evening Fleisher said hopefully, "The longer you go not getting one, the better you feel when you do."

"Yeah," replied Brady. "When I finally do, in three years, I'll be wild."

"If I have to wait that long, I'll be in the funny farm," said Boyer.

But then, at Leon's general store they met a gentleman farmer named J. C. Callahan. He said he had been hearing gobbling in the hills behind his house. The hunters gathered round. Eyes narrowing, Callahan asked Boyer what church and what political party he belonged to, and if he played cards, drank liquor or ran around with women. Apparently Boyer's answers were satisfactory. That evening Boyer stood in Callahan's lower pasture, looking toward a tall hemlock on a hill, listening to sweet music. Back at the trailer he said, "Boy, do I feel great." Having said little all week, Boyer now was a torrent of turkey talk.

"Last year I putted a turkey all the way down the side of a mountain.

"Turkeys are just like people. Some talk fast and some talk slow. Some are loud and some are quiet.

"Turkeys are just like women. She wants to know she's pretty, you tell her she's pretty.

"He wants to know you're a hen out there in heat, you tell him so."

And plans for the morning: "We know he's in that hemlock, and it's a dark night so he's not gonna move. In the morning we're gonna get up there before light and listen for him. He should start gobbling five minutes after the birds sing. Soon as he hits the ground we'll hit him with calls, and if they're quality calls he's not gonna fly off the mountain."

And then it was morning. Both Boyer and Fleisher hid away near the hemlock. They waited, breathlessly. The birds sang, and they waited. It got light, and lighter; they waited some more, and still there was no gobbling. Finally they gave up, and Boyer moved up the ridge, stopping under trees to yelp and gobble. He had hiked for more than three miles—at one point he heard a distant shot—when he stepped to call again. It was a desperate act of faith now. He had heard no gobbling all morning, and he was yelping for nearly an hour when suddenly he leveled his shotgun. A big gobbler was moving silently toward him, and now it stood 20 yards away behind an oak tree. It was moving into the clear, but then without warning it flew off through

the trees. Something had scared it.

The distant shot Boyer had heard was Fleisher's. He had been hiding in a thick-
et, calling patiently, and suddenly there was a gobbler only 20 feet away. Fleisher raised his double-barreled shotgun, aimed for the turkey's head and hit him, he thought, in the chest, a shot that should have produced fricassee. Fleisher bolted from the brush. There were feathers everywhere, and blood, but no turkey. Fleisher searched for it for more than three hours, but to no avail. He named it The Phantom Gobbler of Callahan's Ridge.

It was that kind of hunt, the wild turkey is that kind of bird. But Boyer's, Fleisher's and Brady's disappointment was short-lived. They were all thrilled just knowing there were wild turkeys to hunt, they knew that once not long ago their bird was headed for extinction.

Heavy hunting was the villain, that and the woodsman's ax. True wild-turkey habitat—mature forests for roosting and for the turkey diet of fruits, nuts and buds—was disappearing. A few turkeys did survive in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the swamps of the Deep South, but they were too far apart to repopulate the species. Nature, though, was on a course of recovery. Farms were being abandoned. Their fields reverted to brush, then to early-growth forest and more and more in recent years to mature forest again.

Meanwhile, stockings with domestic turkeys were failing. Hybrids from the interbreeding of wild and domestic stocks, did only slightly better. Wild birds from game farms were not wild enough, and live trapping of truly wild birds proved nearly impossible because they were just too wild and too smart. But then wildlife experts tried the mortar-thrower net, a device originally designed to capture waterfowl, and the most successful wildlife restoration project in recent history was under way.

Now 37 states have turkey-hunting seasons—some that never had turkeys before—and only four states have no turkeys at all. But increased populations do not mean that turkeys have become easy prey for hunters. Not wild turkeys, at least. As Harry Boyer said last week, happy once more, "If I live to be 90, I may turn out to be a good turkey hunter. But it's a challenge just to try to call him in, to be on the same terms with the smartest game bird there is."

END



**Is your car's "life" better insured
than your own?**

**New York Life thinks your family
deserves full coverage, too.**

It's ironic. Most of us protect our car more fully than we do our family. We don't mean to, of course. That's just the way it works out.

Maybe it happens because insuring a new car is almost automatic.

But, when it comes to the family, most breadwinners just don't know how much life insurance protection they need. So they end up with far too little.

Think of it this way. If something should happen to you, how much money would your family need

to get along on? And for how long? If you can answer these questions, you're on your way towards providing your family with basic financial security.

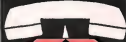
Ask your New York Life Agent for a computer analysis of your life insurance needs, and a program within your means. No obligation. See him or her soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



New York Life Insurance Company, 165 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Life, Health and Group Insurance. Securities Division (Firm)

NEW
1-800-654-2000*



HOWARD
JOHNSON'S

Our new toll-free number covers reservations at more than 500 Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges across the country.

And your reservation assures you of getting more than just oversized canteens and conveniences at sensible rates.

Because now, with our new Family Plan, your children under 18—staying in your room—stay free!

So call today.

*In Oklahoma: 1-800-522-4211

Howard Johnson's
Motor Lodges

The Flavor of America

A magnificently illustrated
account of the prologue to
the American Revolution



BY LILLIAN MILLER

Foreword by MARVIN SADIK
Director, National Portrait Gallery
Published to coincide with the
major exhibition at the National
Portrait Gallery, this unique book
re-creates the stormy climate of the
years 1760 to 1774 through bio-
ographies of numerous figures in the
colonies and England.

20 color, more than 120 b & w ill.
240 pp. 8 1/2 x 11 ins. \$17.50

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
102 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
A Time Incorporated Company

MEDICINE/Richard W. Johnston

Take heart in the long run

Exercise is popular among post-cardiac patients. Now doctors are suggesting going a step farther and having them run in marathons

Early next fall a 52-year-old airline pilot named Ray Thiele, who was grounded in September 1972 after suffering a severe heart attack, will apply to the Federal Aviation Administration for reinstatement. His appeal will be based on the contention that his ruptured heart is now as good as—or better than—new. As proof he will offer, among other things, the fact that he has run in the Boston Marathon. If he succeeds he will join a select few pilots who in recent years have won exemption from an FAA rule that denies recertification to post-coronary patients.

Although all of those recertified presumably had engaged in some form of rehabilitative therapy, none had ever run in a marathon. If the FAA examiners accept the theory of Dr. Thomas J. Bassler, an Inglewood, Calif. pathologist, and editor of the American Medical Joggers Association newsletter, Thiele's chances for recertification are good. Dr. Bassler says, "If a post-coronary patient gradually trains up to the marathon distance and then actually completes a marathon, I consider him immune to a fatal heart attack for the next five years, providing, of course, that he does not resume—or begin—smoking." Dr. Bassler says this holds even if the patient abandons subsequent exercise, but he also contends that a post-coronary marathoner who continues to run three hours a week (about 18 miles), eschews tobacco and keeps his weight down will never have another attack. Dr. Bassler would permit him an occasional beer, but he views more ardent sports with suspicion.

Few traditional cardiologists accept Dr. Bassler's immunity theory, and none does if the patient gives up running entirely. On the other hand, most of today's heart specialists recognize the usefulness of supervised exercise in repairing a damaged heart. This represents a drastic change from generally held medical opinion 20 years ago. Remember the public

alarm when Dr. Paul Dudley White decided to let the stricken President Eisenhower return to the golf course? But whereas Dr. White was then criticized as reckless, he now would be accused of excessive timidity. Golf simply does not provide enough exercise to effect heart repair.

While the merit of running as cardiovascular therapy is fairly well known, only two rehabilitation clinics have utilized the Olympic-distance marathon as a goal for post-coronary patients. One is the Toronto center presided over by Dr. Terry Kavanagh, a physician whose 400 patients have been referred by cardiologists. The other is sponsored by the Honolulu YMCA and is under the direction of Dr. Jack Scuff, a cardiologist who also happens to be Ray Thiele's personal physician. Drs. Kavanagh and Scuff emphasize that no one is required to run in a marathon. "The race is really only a yardstick of a patient's progress," Dr. Scuff says. "It is a motivating event that will prove—both to him and to the world—that he has adopted a life-style and done the necessary training to fully restore his heart function." Both Drs. Scuff and Kavanagh acknowledge some debt to Dr. Kenneth Cooper's aerobics discoveries, but they feel no heart-attack victim should attempt an unsupervised aerobics program. "I have had three patients who suffered second coronaries doing aerobics on their own," Dr. Kavanagh says.

Dr. Kavanagh pioneered the marathon run for cardiac cases last year when a group of his more advanced patients appealed to him to set a goal beyond the pleasant one of being alive and well. "How about a marathon?" one of them asked. "The Boston Marathon is the only one I know of," said the doctor, a 46-year-old Irishman who emigrated to Canada in the 1950s but had not paid much attention to American track and field (about 130 marathons are held in



The Bullfrog. (The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless*

the U.S. each year). "Then let's go to Boston," the patient said. After some inquiry, Dr. Kavanagh took eight of his patients to the 1973 race, and seven of them finished.

This success excited Dr. Scaff, who had run at Boston himself, and it had the same effect on two of his patients—Thiele and Val Nolasco, a 42-year-old café pianist who had been struck down in August of 1972. When Honolulu's Rim of the Pacific marathon, an AAU-sanctioned event, was scheduled for last December, Thiele and Nolasco were determined to run in it, the former to prove his fitness to the FAA, Nolasco to prove it to himself. Dr. Scaff invited Dr. Kavanagh to bring some of his runners to compete. The Canadian brought three, all Boston veterans. Just to be on the safe side, a sturdy registered nurse was assigned to bicycle along with the five cardiovascular runners, carrying water-replenishing refreshments and a packet of first-aid equipment.

The three Canadians finished the Ha-

waiian course in just over four hours, but only one of Dr. Scaff's two entrants made it. Val Nolasco finished dead last in 5:24:45, but vigorously alive in every other respect. Thiele, the man who wanted to most, did not finish—not because of any trouble with his heart but because his feet gave out after 24 miles. "What do you plan to do now?" the disappointed Thiele was asked. "Get ready for Boston," he said.

And at Boston this spring, Thiele made it—slowly and painfully, but all the way. Why slowly and painfully? "Not because of my heart," he said later. "My pulse never went over 140 during the whole race." The fact is, at 52 Thiele's long legs haven't yet caught up with his youthening heart. Thanks to the Boston and Honolulu events, cardiac patients have now completed the official marathon distance 11 times.

It may be a long time before a real test is made of Dr. Bassler's radical belief that the marathon heart-proofs a person for five years even without fur-

ther exercise. Running seems about as addictive as heroin, and none of the cardiac marathoners has shown any inclination to quit. Although neither Dr. Scaff nor Dr. Kavanagh is quite prepared to endorse this aspect of Dr. Bassler's theory, both respect him, and Dr. Scaff suspects he may be right. "Tom is not a cardiologist," Dr. Scaff says, "but as a pathologist he has dissected hundreds of hearts and is well informed on cardiovascular problems."

Ray Thiele is not about to provide the inactivity test case for Dr. Bassler. "I think it's a pretty rare guy my age who has the endurance I have now," he says, "and I intend to maintain it." Dr. Scaff, who doubles as an aviation medical examiner, feels Thiele has a fair chance for FAA recertification. It seems a reasonable assumption that a man who has run in 1 1/2 marathons—and is training for another—is a better risk than those sedentary pilots whose exercise is limited to lifting glasses and chasing stewardesses.

AND

Remember: there are babes in the woods.

And those baby fawns, rabbits, squirrels and trees need a safe, happy home. They need a place where they can grow up strong and healthy.

Like babes everywhere.

So, please, be careful with fire when you're in the forest.

Follow all the rules of safety and caution—just like any other place where there are children at play.





THESE ARE THE SMALL CARS EUROPEANS HAVE TO CHOOSE FROM.

THIS IS WHAT THEY CHOOSE.



A lot of American car buyers are thinking small for the first time.

Since there are more than a dozen kinds of small cars to choose from, deciding on the right small car is no easy task.

In Europe, where there are more than fifty makes of cars to choose from, there's no difficulty at all. You see, Europeans have been comparing small cars for over three generations.

And the car they buy most is Fiat.

It's not the low price of a Fiat that accounts for its popularity. Or the high price of gasoline.

The plain fact is that Fiats offer more car for the money.

If you're about to invest close to three thousand dollars in a small car, this is something you ought to consider.

On the other hand, you can ignore over 60 years of small car experience and go ahead and take your chances.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Onsen delivery arranged through your dealer

Psych warfare out West

At the sprints on Burnaby Lake, coxswains for Cal and Washington needed their opposing crews until matter and mind finally won over mind

It is a sport of exquisite symmetry—crew racing—and of paradox, decorum and tiny men whose job it is to yap in the faces of huge men. Sometimes, not too often, the little fellows turn on each other. That is what happened in the Western Sprints last week at Vancouver, British Columbia in the finals of the eight-man varsity shells on Burnaby Lake. The two powerhouses, California and Washington, had drawn adjoining lanes and the Huskies started badly. Marco (Meatball) Meniketti, Cal's coxswain, crowed, "That's it, we're gonna break 'em!" His men got the message, but he also meant Washington to hear. Earlier Meniketti had said, "If a race is close, I'll do anything to encourage my crew and discourage the other one."

Halfway through the race, at 1,000 meters, Cal led by two seats, and Meniketti aimed his megaphone to starboard and yelled, "We're two seats up!" and

then, "We're three seats up!" At that point the Washington cox found his voice. "They're one seat up," Ted Van Bronkhorst told his men.

Honesty is no virtue halfway through a crew race, and as Washington pulled bow to bow Meniketti saw fit to lie to his troops, "They're not gaining!" As Washington moved steadily ahead, Van Bronkhorst yelled sideward, "We're moving away!" Meniketti reassured his men, "They're not moving away!"

"We're up three seats!" called Van Bronkhorst.

"They're up one seat!" replied Meniketti.

"We're up four seats!" the cry came back, and finally, "We're moving away!" And Washington really was. Cal finished third, behind California at Irvine.

Later Ted Van Bronkhorst said, "It's very demoralizing to hear the other guy shout 'We're moving away!'—especially if it's true!"

Cal Coach Steve Gladstone had seen it coming. His crew had won its first heat the day before, but had labored very hard for its 6:27.18 time. Washington had taken a second longer to win its heat, but hadn't worked nearly as hard. "One slight disruption of rhythm against Washington and that'll be it," Gladstone said before the race. But there were no disruptions. Cal's time was a first 6:06.64, but Washington, five seconds faster, was a bigger crew, and on this day a better one.

Gladstone was glum, but dry. Ted Van Bronkhorst was happy, but he was also climbing out of Burnaby Lake, where, according to tradition, his teammates had flung him, and as he talked psychological warfare he was still dripping. "When you see that other crew looking over, you know they're in trouble."

"Was Cal doing that?" he was asked, and Van Bronkhorst just smiled.

A senior, Van Bronkhorst is a psychology major, which appears to be an appropriate course of study for him, and coxing has turned out to be not a bad choice for an intercollegiate sport. But even at 112 pounds and 5'4" he is not a small coxswain. Meniketti, his debating partner from Cal, is two inches shorter. And Bob Porter, the cox for Irvine, is 4'10" and weighs 84 pounds. That trio was the smallest of the best at the sprints. At the other end of the scale were Van Bronkhorst's teammates—six of the Huskie heavy-weight varsity were 6'5" or over, and that did not just happen. As Van Bronkhorst puts it, "A lot of incoming freshmen get letters from our crew department—all the small guys and all the tall guys."

Washington is a very large school, so that is quite a mailing list. At Vancouver, Washington entered crews in 10 events, and took seven firsts and three seconds, a fairly typical performance for a school that has dominated Western crew for most of the past 50 years.

No U.S. university has a stronger crew program than Washington, or a more competitive one. But aside from Cal and UCLA it is the only Western school whose crew program is simply budgeted, with two full-time coaches and full travel and equipment budgets. In the East, though, there are many such crew

continues



WASHINGTON'S STROKE, SEVEN AND SIX OARS MAKE UP WATER AGAINST CALIFORNIA



"I can't believe my eyes!"

I promised Pam she'd meet Mickey Mouse. And I wasn't going to let the gasoline hassle force me to break that promise. Our travel agent told us about Eastern's Walt Disney World vacations. Are we glad we didn't drive down. The price was fantastic. And all Pam kept on saying when she finally met her favorite friends was, "I can't believe my eyes, I can't believe my eyes".

Eastern's Walt Disney World. 7 days/6 nights. From \$84 to \$137. You gotta believe!

Something special from the official airline of Walt Disney World. Pick any of 16 selected hotels. Stay 5 nights and get the 6th night free. Along with 2 days of transportation to Walt Disney World. Ticket books for 18 attractions. And admission and transportation within the Magic Kingdom. You also receive sightseeing tours of Kennedy Space Center, Tampa Busch Gardens, Sea World and Cypress Gardens. Price includes round trip transportation between hotel and airport. Two children under 12, sharing rooms with parents, only \$42 each.*

"We couldn't believe our ears!"

"We always wanted to vacation in Puerto Rico. But, the way prices have gone up, going anywhere seemed like a problem. But, through Eastern, we got more vacation than we expected for much less than we figured. As great as that sounds it's nothing compared to the children's band we heard on the streets of San Juan."

Eastern's San Juan/St. Thomas. 8 days/7 nights. From \$74 to \$169. You gotta believe!

Fabulous San Juan. Great beaches and great nightlife. A choice of 21 selected, air-conditioned hotels. Plus, you get a day in the duty free shopping paradise of St. Thomas.

*Prices do not include airfare, meals, local taxes or transfers unless otherwise indicated. Hotel rates are per person, double occupancy. Prices in effect until 12/15/74. And you can charge the whole vacation on the American Express card. Why not let us plan a Personalized Vacation to make all your vacation plans come true. Just call Eastern. Or see the travel specialist, your travel agent.



EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

"THE WINGS OF MAN" IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIRLINES, INC.

HERE COME THE BLUE VAROOMS!



OMC sets a new pace in stern drives with a new pair of hustling V-B's: The Blue Varooms!

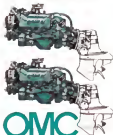
Quick. Sure. And affordable. Your choice of 170 hp or 190 hp.

Both built with OMC's traditional dependability and exclusive high performance features: an outdrive that swings 90° for nimble maneuvering in tight quarters—even when you're bucking wind and current. A 75° power tilt for beaching and launching. Optional Tru-Course Steering that holds you on a steady course. And a Uni-Mount system that cuts engine noise and vibration to a minimum.

If you're ready to step up to V-B muscle on your next boat, ask your dealer about the new Blue Varooms. Two new additions to the OMC lineup of four hot V-B stern drives.

OMC Stern Drive, available in 10 models from 120 hp to 245 hp. Also, jet drives and inboards to meet your power needs.

FROM THE MAKERS OF
JOHNSON AND EVINRUDE



OMC
Stern Drive

A. L. Johnson & Evinrude • OMC • Johnson & Evinrude Inc.
P.O. Box 1000 • Racine, Wisconsin 53403 • U.S.A.

schools, and have been for decades: Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Syracuse, to name a few. And while there is little high school rowing in the West, the East has always had many prep and high schools with active programs. But the style of rowing now used by almost every major crew in the country originated in the West and came East to displace the older, more classical way of pulling an oar through the water.

In 1907 a Washington football trainer named Hiram Conibear turned to crew and taught his oarsmen to row shorter, quicker strokes. No one had ever rowed this way, and some of his disciples went East to coach—notably Tom Bolles of Harvard. The Washington style spread. About the same time George Pocock began building racing shells in Seattle. Boats built by Pocock and his brother Dick dominated racing until European-built shells (and lately domestic fiberglass-hulled boats) began to make inroads. At 83 Pocock is still active in the business, and was guest of honor at the Vancouver regatta.

For Washington's varsity eight, the victory over Cal was especially sweet. Just three weeks earlier, on the Oakland Estuary, Washington had lost to Cal for the first time in nine years. But the Huskies were rowing a borrowed boat, and there were complaints about it. At Vancouver they brought their own, and there were no complaints from anyone.

The water on Burnaby Lake was calm and free from current and there was hardly any wind. The course, only four miles from downtown, was almost too perfect to be believed. Washington Coach Dick Erickson called it "The finest racing course in the Western hemisphere." He said that it was equaled only by Munich's Olympic course and the one at Lucerne in Switzerland.

Burnaby Lake has come a long way. Crews raced on it in the '30s but a falling water level eventually choked it with water lilies and for most of the past 40 years Burnaby was more field than lake. Then in the fall of 1972 it was finally cleared, and served as the crew course for the Canada Summer Games. And this year, with the Western Sprints due to be held in the Northwest, the committee chose Burnaby, the first time the event has been held outside of the U.S.

Lily pads still fringe Burnaby's edge,

es, and the lake resembles nothing more than a dark-water bass pond, a very small one. At its deepest it is only 14 feet; it is not even two miles long, and the open water portion cannot be more than 500 yards wide. But all these are good things. Burnaby is so narrow that last weekend when gusts of wind hit the trees on one side they blew to the other before hitting the water, and the pads smothered any chop that threatened to form. At each end of the 2,000-meter course six sets of pilings have been driven 90 feet into the muddy bottom, with cables running the length of the course connecting them underwater. All the buoys marking the lanes are on vertical lines attached to the cables. In this setup there are no horizontal lines at the surface for oars or boats to tangle with.

On the starting line at Burnaby Lake six aluminum structures rise three feet above the water, each supporting what looks like a diving board. A small boy lies on each board and holds onto the stern of the shell. Above him in an official's tower someone asks through loudspeakers, "*Êtes vous prêt? Portez!*" in the international racing language.

The boys' hands loosen, the starter's flag comes down and the shells are away. They move westward, toward the mountains of the Coastal Range, ten thousand feet high, snow-capped even in May. The mountains are 30 miles distant, but they all but hover over the lake's far shore.

It is an incongruous juxtaposition, the shells against the mountains. Ivy-covered bricks would seem more fitting. At the lake's far end, waiting, 1,500 people are on their feet in a grandstand built just for spectators at crew races. They stare down the lake at the boats, which at that angle seem hardly to be moving. The oars lift ever so slowly. The shells look like great torpid water bugs now. But as they move up the lake, they seem to pick up speed. *Click clack*, go the coxswains' blocks against the gunwales. And the crowd begins to cheer.

Ted Van Bronkhorst is yelling, "We're starting to move! We're starting to move!" But Marco Meniketti is yelling, too, "They're not moving, they're not moving." Only one of them can be telling the truth. And last week it was Washington.

END



When the two images become one, you're in perfect focus. Only Sankyo Hi-Focus has it.



Most movie cameras have ground glass focusing or guess-the-distance scales. Frankly, they're darned hard to focus.

But then, there's Sankyo Hi-Focus. A whole series of automatic movie cameras with big, bright through-the-lens superimposed rangefinder image that virtually guarantees needle sharp movies. You can focus precisely, in seconds, even zoom in on a moving subject. As you look through the viewfinder, the subject appears as two images. Just turn the zoom lens until the two images become one...and you're in perfect focus. It's that simple. The closest thing to automatic focusing! There's a Sankyo Hi-Focus movie camera with your kind of features and your kind of price tag at your camera dealer now.



Sankyo Selki (America) Inc.
549 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010
West Coast Branch
13000 S. Athens Way, Los Angeles, Calif. 90061

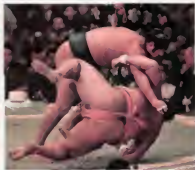




PRIDE IN BONDAGE

*Even in the present day, sacred rites of
servitude bind sumo wrestlers to*

Japan's feudal past by KENNY MOORE



The Basho The eye of the bewildered foreigner is rugged wildly about at first, from polychromatic trappings to incomprehensible rites, repugnant grotesqueries. In the dressing rooms, sweet-smelling barns spread with tatami mats, wrestlers are cinched into their heavy silk belts, 50 feet long, 2½ feet wide, folded in six. One calmly sprays mouthfuls of water into the creases, to stiffen the silk and make it bind to itself, be harder to pull off.

When the grand champion, performing his ceremonial entry, raises a leg and drives it into the clay to expel demons, the crowd shouts louder than when he is engaged in his match.

A young wrestler, 16 years old and already 350 pounds, lurching, so fat his torso seems filled with air, catches his opponent, a nimble boy 200 pounds lighter, clutches him to his chest and lies down on him to unreserved acclaim. A future champion.

Gradually, steeping himself in the 15 days of the *Kyushu Sumo Basho*, or tournament conducted last November in Fukuoka, Japan, the woefully uncultured foreigner is able to collect such details into a structure of rules, and still later, of manners. The ring, or *dohyo*, is 15 feet in diameter, set on a two-foot-high mound of special brick-hard *Amakida* clay brought in from Saitama Prefecture. Its raised boundary is formed by the tops of partly buried straw bales; its surface is swept sand. The object of sumo is simply to propel, by violence or guile, one's opponent out of the *dohyo*, or to make him touch the ground inside the ring with

any part of his body other than the soles of his feet. There are no pins in sumo, no points awarded for advantageous moves, no weight divisions, tag-team matches or histrionics, and very few fouls. Tripping, slapping and butting are permitted (indeed, butting is roundly encouraged) but punching, strangling, eye poking and grabbing the genitals are considered impolite and hence are absolutely never seen.

This exclusively Japanese spectacle dates from the Yayoi and Kofun periods (200 B.C.-552 A.D.), having begun as ritual combat to divine the fullness of the rice harvest. Through the ages it has passed under the influence of courtiers, emperors and samurai, yet has always retained vestiges of its religious underpinnings. In the Kamakura period (1185-1333), when matches began to be staged solely for entertainment, they still were called *kyōjin-cumo*—"sumo to solicit funds for pious purposes." Today the grand champion wears a white, 25-pound section of hawser which, in Japanese symbolism, marks off a sacred area. One sees it on gateways and in shrines. Crooked strips of paper, signs of purification, hang from the champion's belt, and from the roof suspended over the *dohyo*.

Sumo as professional sport was officially recognized in Tokyo (then Edo) in 1684, soon after introduction of the *dohyo* boundary and clarification of the rules had discouraged ringside sword fights among wagering samurai. The Japan Sumo Association, though a rigidly feudalistic group of retired wrestlers, is now an incorporated foundation under the Ministry of Education. An Occidental would not

Honasan Jesse Khashiba, a/k/a Takamiyama, gets lathered up; the Hanakata stable chows down. Wajima toughens hands on utility pole.



have placed it there, for the clustered, hierarchical way of sumo, which requires recruits to join stables at 14 or 15 and to amass enough until retirement in the service of the Sumo Association, seems at odds with the aims of modern education.

Traditionally, wrestlers have come from peasant stock, conscripted by imperial order or recruited by landlords or shoguns or contemporary stable masters called *osakata*. A disproportionate number now come from Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost, and least industrialized, island. They represent a vital link to the life of old Japan, a life in which station was everything.

Stables *Samotoki* creep from their pallets according to rank. The lower-division wrestlers arise at 5 a.m. to do chores and practice before the higher ranks awaken. They then become servants, cooks and groomers the rest of the day, except for the first seven days of a *hatsu* when they wrestle in the morning division.

Six *hatsu* are held every year, three in Tokyo, one each in Osaka, Nagoya and Fukuoka. Since all 29 stables are based in Tokyo, each must find temporary accommodations in the other cities. In Fukuoka most were welcomed into Buddhist or Shinto shrines, where bright banners on poles announced their presence. One morning before the tournament the foreigner was taken to the stable of Hanakago, housed in a beach hotel 15 yards from the bay. The way in was between sides of pork hanging in a drafty kitchen. The practice *dojoko* was set in a dim room only three or four feet wider than the ring. Sixteen wrestlers, wearing canvas belts, were grunting through the basic exercises of sumo, *suka* (stamping) and *teppo* (slamming the heel of the hand against wooden pillars). Inside the ring two *awotoki* flailed and lunged until one was out or down, then squatted until breath returned, while apprentices, shaggy-haired because they had not attained a high enough rank to wear the greased topknot, brought wooden dippers of water. The stable boss, Hanakago, sat smoking a cigarette on a platform along one wall, one foot dangling, disdainful, leonine.

Each man wrestled until he lost. The range of physiques was arresting. There were no thin men, but some were hard with muscle while one or two were obscenely fat, with pendulous breasts and quivering, watery thighs. It was disconcerting to see these obesity win, but they forced recognition of the special demands of sumo. It is easy to grow fat, to add mass and inertia. It is hard to build the strength to lift that fat out of the ring. So long as the rules of sumo stay as they are, it will seem to the Westerner a sport in which the worst side of man's nature is turned to his advantage.

The leaner men paid, too, in bruises and cuts sustained when they were thrown upon the ring's raised edge. The larger wrestlers seemed to have enough subcutaneous give to escape such minor injury, though all had poor complexions, no doubt from having their faces ground continuously into the sand. No one cried out when a knee or ankle cracked down on the *dojoko* rim. No disgust was shown by

losers. One wrestler's jaw was injured in a stunning collision. He favored it, keeping it tucked against a shoulder, holding it between his teeth, yet continued to win. It wasn't enough. Another wrestler darted in and slapped him on the swelling jaw, a reprimand for showing pain.

Hanakago rose suddenly and all action ceased. He sauntered across the ring and out of the room. The wrestlers warily exchanged glances. In a moment he returned with a broom and brought down its handle hard across the back and shoulders of a man in the ring, telling him in a low, menacing tone that he had not been tense enough. To relax was to court injury.

The rituals of servitude were consistent. Those in the lower divisions served the *sekiwake* (members of the top ranks who are entitled to a salary and servants of their own), and the *sekiwake* waited on the boss, bringing around a dipper of water occasionally. The *osakata* merely sipped and spat.

A dose of paper and sticks scratched open, and from the beach stepped the pride of Hanakago stable, *Yokozuna* Wajima. He had been doing wind sprints and was sweating heavily, but accepted no towels. Instead he continued jugging in place, shadowboxing, stretching, making a golf-swing gesture. A good blend of thickness and speed at 6'1" and 270 pounds, he seemed less inscrutable than the others. He trained with more purpose, shaking the house with his pole pounding, leaping around the ring with an apprentice clanging to his back.

At 11 a.m. the dank atmosphere of seaweed and cigarette smoke and hair grease began to be penetrated by a salt-savory aroma. The high-calorie stew, *chankonabe*, that is forced on all *sumotoki* was cooking. The *osakata* and *sekiwake* wrestlers took their body servants off to the bath; then went to an airy dining room where they sat around *hibachi* on a green carpet. The junior grades, sand-caked on their backs, seals forming on elbows and brows, served from a communal pot. The *chankonabe* is a mixture of proteins. "The boss eats first," said an observer. "Then *sekiwake*. They get the beef and pork. The low people get the fish. The lowest have to take the vegetables and *tofu* [bean-curd cakes]."

Wajima poked through his bowl and tossed disgusting morsels out the window onto the beach. Pork charring on a *hibachi* sent up clouds of blue smoke. Bottles of milk and beer were brought. The young wrestlers dished up rice from a steaming aluminum *washibu*. Wajima burned himself on a strip of pork that had come sizzling from the fire and threw it on the rug. A little pink octopus arm lay curled in a dusty corner.

The visitor slipped out through the kitchen and turned toward the sea. A fat boy stood in the cold, lapping water, scouring a kettle.

The day before the *hatsu* opened, the lower ranks of Takasago stable were working out in a jerry-built shed of canvas and corrugated tin on the grounds of Jodoji Temple, a Buddhist shrine. To a blizzard of respect from his inferiors, Takasago's best wrestler, Daigoro Takamiyama, entered. Originally Jesse Kihulua of the Hawaiian

continued

island of Maui, he is the only foreigner ever to win the Emperor's Cup, which he took at the Nagoya Budo in July of 1972. At 6'3" and 375 pounds, Jesse is the largest of active wrestlers.

With white strips of gauze he tied together the first two toes of each foot. Later he said that sumo traditionalists, which means most of its following, warn never to bandage an injured toe or finger or wrist because when it has healed the wrapping never comes off, having become a psychological help, and such things are an admission of weakness.

Jesse warmed up, stamping, then wrestled men of the type who present him with the most difficulty in the ring, the swift and tricky. He let himself be pushed off balance and tried to recover. Often he did not. His legs and rather small flat buttocks seemed incapable of perfectly supporting his bulk of shoulder and torso, and he moved with little of the smooth athletic grace of Wajima.

His face was transparent, an array of emotions passing across plastic features. Ridges slanted up his forehead from his brows, making his face in moments of intensity a devil's mask, a study in fury or rage. The heavy flesh around his eyes was ugly, giving him in certain lights a dubious, beaten cast. His breath sounded deep in his chest, a grinding, ursine rasp. As he labored, his skin darkened, his haunches taking on a sanguine blotchiness.

Little in any of the preliminary moves was graceful. The leg raising, strutting and leaping was done to threaten. Before he entered the ring against a new opponent, Jesse smeared sand under his armpits, but mitigated the effect by then blowing his nose on a silk handkerchief.

Over the point of each anklebone he had a hard, yellow callus. This came from an exercise in which he drove a resisting stablemate across the ring and was in turn thrown by him, absorbing the fall with shoulders and back, rolling, snacking an anklebone into the clay. When he was finished he sat on a bench in the courtyard, a loamy expanse of yew, pines, dwarf maple and *guzenranan*, spiky sword plants with onion-shaped, cream blossoms. An attendant brought him a filmy cotton robe.

"It took me a couple of years to get so I wouldn't bleed from the ankles at the end of a hard training day," he said. His voice is little more than a hoarse whisper, the result of a blow to the larynx in his early sumo years.

"The hardest thing for an American," he said, "is accepting the life. The discipline finishes you if you can't come to terms with it. When I came I was 19 [he is now 29], I had to bow and serve 14-year-olds in my stable. For every 10 kids who start, six run away, and once you're with a stable you can't ever be traded. But it's not as bad as it was. There is more training now and less drinking. My worst nights were when the ranked men went out drinking and came back to take out their frustrations on the beginners. They beat us if we hadn't bowed correctly during the day. Most of that has stopped."

The old days have not gone unlamented. Ryo Hatano, a reporter for *Sumo World*, has written, "Many oldtime sumo fans are pained by those changes [away from feudal license]. They complain that the wrestlers are losing their unique air and handsome swagger that has made them so appealing. . . ."

Jesse went on to say that once he had become used to the

life and made some progress up the ranks, he had come to like it. "I do feel more Japanese than American now," he said. He will live in Japan for the rest of his life. A measure of his attachment: He has turned down a \$200,000 professional wrestling contract. "I might go into that later, when my sumo is over," he said. "A *sumotori's* career usually doesn't last beyond his early '30s." His life may not last much longer. "According to what the Japanese have told me, the higher you go in the rankings the sooner you can expect to die," he said with morbid cheerfulness. "Yokozuna [the grand champions] live to about 55, *ozeki's*, the next rank, to 57 or 58, *Margushira* [Jesse's present rank] make it to 63 or so."

A shy Japanese couple brought their new baby to touch Jesse, thereby to gain strength. He was a delight around children; that much of the Hawaiian remained.

Wrestlers are locked into sumo. Rank is constantly adjusted by the Sumo Association according to tournament results. Jesse must wrestle every *basho* and win a majority of his 15 matches or be demoted. If a wrestler is seriously injured, he may miss only one tournament before dropping down the ladder. "In the six weeks between tournaments," Jesse said, "we train seven days a week. The broom handles come out and we work three times as hard as you saw this morning. We ignore holidays. We train even on the Emperor's birthday." The following February, Jesse would marry Kazuo Watanabe of Tokyo. They would honeymoon on Maui for just three days.

Have any wrestlers asked the Association to soften its clum on their lives? "This is Japan," said Jesse, in a tone that conveyed that this is a vastly different world. Yet he is a willing part of it. "If it changes, it dies," he said. Without change, it dwindles. In 1959 there were 800 professional sumo wrestlers. Now, with business providing attractive alternatives, there are 570. Less than 10% of the wrestlers attain the security of *akitori's*. For the rest, there are no pension plans. Jesse implied that this was unfortunate, but necessary. "There is a spirit, a pride or respect you can only get with total sacrifice. Men have to be driven to that. I know I was." He fell silent, unhappy with his command of the English language. Slowly the ridges passed from his forehead. "You know, those were the two happiest moments of my life, when I won the Emperor's Cup in Nagoya, and before that, when I made the rank of *juryo*. That's when I finally got my own salary and servants." This he said with a fierce grimace of pleasure.

He rose from the bench and went off to be scrubbed (the ranking servant wields the sponge, the lowest the dipper), combed and fed. The event of this day was the presentation of a ceremonial apron to Jesse by the Amami-Oshima Island fan club, headed by the mayor of Naze. The gift was of gold, gray and black silk brocade, embroidered with vines and hibiscus and the characters for *Takamizane* (which means Mountain of the Lofly View) below a kelly green sash. The thing weighed 22 pounds and had cost the dozen proud men of Amami-Oshima 760,000 yen, or just under \$2,800. The tiny mayor, dressed in a gray double-breasted suit, was photographed standing beside Jesse, a mountain of brown flesh hung with gold and silk. The scene captured for a moment sumo's veneration of power and combative skill, yet with undertones of kept armies, of human weap-

continued



Start fresh with Belair.

Just the right touch of menthol.

Eat out in style with this propane camp stove by Coleman. Complete with removable grate and folding wind baffles. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Belair.

To see over 1000 gifts, write
for your free Gift Catalog:
Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.



Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ons and the small gray men who, in the end, control them.

After the photographs were taken, everyone passed out business cards.

Rites of the Basho The foreigner stands, hesitant, in the aisle leading to the ring. His host, Koji Nishimuta, a reporter for the Asahi newspaper chain, touches his arm and explains that since the aisle is covered with delicate tatami matting, spectators in the front rows are expected to remove their shoes. The *guyin* wrenches off his loafers and places them, for easy finding, beside a heavy wooden chest. He is escorted past boxes lined with crimson lamb's-wool blankets where favored patrons sit on purple cushions called *zabuton*. The hall contains 8,500 furiously smoking Japanese.

After some tugging at unwilling extremities, the visitor is placed beneath a tiny softwood bench that serves as the press row. He is immediately seized in by sober men in business suits. Before him, a row or two away, its raised surface at eye level, is the *dohyo*, where 18 boulder-shaped wrestlers parade in their gaudy *kesho-maruwashi*, or ceremonial aprons.

"This is *dohyo-iri*," says Nishimuta. "The introduction of top division." The wrestlers turn to the center, clap hands, raise their right arms and, stily, with their left hands, hatch their skirts.

"All ritual carries meaning," says Nishimuta. "Clapping means body has been purified. Raising arms symbolizes hard training."

"What about raising their aprons?"

"Some meaning has been lost in antiquity."

Since the rank of *yokozuna* was conceived, about the time of the American Revolutionary War, there have been only 54 grand champions. Three are presently competing. Before each evening's matches they appear to perform their own *dohyo-iri*, a rite of clapping, stamping and a strangely moving gesture in which the wrestler squats, arms outspread, twisting his feet in the sand while slowly, sensuously thrusting his hips forward, rising to his full magnificence. Inevitably this produces pandemonium. *Yokozuna Kotozakura* (page 84) carries the best stomach of any living wrestler, a near-bursting drum.

An attendant steps to the center of the vacated ring, inclines a fan to the heavens and whines out the names of the first combatants, who have changed into their fighting *maruwashi*. They mount the *dohyo* and stamp to their corners, where they squat and take a mouthful of *chikara-mizu* (power water) and spit it out behind a white square of *chikara-gami* (power paper), which they also use to wipe their armpits. "This paper kills all evil hiding under the soles of the feet," whispers Nishimuta.

The wrestlers scoop handfuls of salt from piles fixed to the *dohyo*, turn and scatter it across the clay in a final purification rite. At the far edges of the ring they squat, folding back the sticklike fringe hanging from their *maruwashi*, and clap in unison. Then they lumber to the sides for more salt, pitch that and crouch, scowling, in the center of the *dohyo* above two white wooden boards that mark the point of battle. The watching *guyin*, whose knees have begun to ache, tenses. The wrestlers rise and return to the salt. That dispersed, they square off once more, with contemptuous

leers. But again they stand and back off, retreating for still more salt. "They have four minutes for these rituals," says Nishimuta. In that period they go to the salt six times. "The buckets in the corners are often replenished from chests in the aisles. It is said that a night's wrestlers will strew 65 pounds of salt over the *dohyo*."

At last the referee, all angles and gleaming kimono and tinny screech, turns his little paddle, which he holds like a hand mirror, and lets it be back across his forearm. This is the signal. The wrestlers bolt forward in the essential moment of *sumo*, the *ruki-ai*, the charge.

Matches are usually over in seconds. Although the Sumo Association lists 70 individual winning moves, all may be divided into two categories—those that require grasping the belt and those in which the contestants simply slap and shove. For the *guyin*, pinned in below the *dohyo*, the feeling ebbs from his nether regions, the most compelling technique is *uchan*, in which one wrestler gives ground to the very edge, trying to get a grip on his opponent's belt, succeeds, lifts and turns his man as both 300-pounders soar uncontrolled over the precipice of the *dohyo* and into the crowd. The first to land loses.

Knees gone, the foreigner's groin now cramps. His sensation is one of claustrophobic urgency. Yet he pictures how it would be, lunging up, splintering the *balsa* table, knocking aside the distinguished Japanese journalists on both sides. Convention is too strong, he knows that he cannot move. Solace lies only in distraction. He clutches at more details.

There is a mesmerizing quality to the referee's movements. He is a fantastic creature who seems calculated to be the exact opposite of the spherical, near-nude wrestlers. Thickly silken, taut, he executes self-conscious gestures with consuming intensity. Five times out of every six he keeps his paddle turned to the side, assuring the hall that the wrestlers are simply posturing; but his artifice, repeated and made rigid and predictable, as in a tea ceremony, is done with so much care as to seem meaningful. Yet he is all flash and front. He rules on each match, but his decision must be approved by five judges. On close calls, a videotape replay is used.

Salt throwing is an exercise in projecting disdain. One wrestler sprinkles a teaspoon or two, in wondrous anticlimax to the first strewing a pound. One brushes his hand clean with an echoing clap. The other takes five or six priority pats.

Often the ritual face-offs are empty, the wrestlers barely looking at each other. But when Wagma enters, hosts of partisans bellow from the reaches of the arena. Here is a man who makes use of the form. He refuses to be the first to turn away to the salt. His opponent is forced to respond, with the result that both stand stock-still, enraged and murderous, for long seconds while the hall rings with piercing cries. When they wrestle, Wagma easily gets both hands on the belt and lifts his man like a diapered baby out of a crib. The crowd applauds politely and returns to what it does throughout the evening: feeding. Tiny female vendors work the boxes incessantly, distributing squid, chestnuts, pickles, *teniyaki* chicken, mandarin oranges, fish cakes, *sushi*, railons, Coke, sake and pots of tea. At night's end, when the foreigner, tottering on crumpled legs, is assisted out, he

continued

**WHEN YOUR
OLD GRAND-DAD IS READY
FOR RETIREMENT**

GO FORESTERING

Forestering is enjoying our
premium whisky for all the right reasons.
Taste.

Drinking is one thing. Forestering is
something else.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof). ©1973. Louisville, Ky.



CORVETTE

One word that's worth a thousand pictures.

America's only true production sports car. Over the past 21 years a lot has been written and said about it. In fact, *Car and Driver* readers have once again voted it "Best All-Around Car." But words can only tell part of the story. You can talk about Corvette's four-wheel independent suspension, four-wheel disc brakes, radials, shifters, gauges and Positraction until you're blue in the face. You can look at Corvette's styling from the outside in and from the inside out until you're green with envy. But to really understand a Vette's appeal, you've simply got to get it on a worthy stretch of road. It'll tell you a lot about yourself.

Chevrolet

must dig his shoes from piles of spilled salt around the reserve chest. He slumps to brush them out and sees hundreds of little brown ceramic teapots rolling in the aisles.

Matsuo-san Tetsushi Matsuo, a trade official with the U.S. Consulate in Fukuoka, was a wonderful interpreter because he, like the foreigner, was puzzled by many Japanese things, things he had lived with all his life but seemed only recently to have evaluated in the glare of Western logic. It now appeared exceedingly odd that when the war ended, Matsuo-san had been training as a *kaomike* pilot. "They told us one day before our entrance into the military academy that we would be *kaomike* pilots," he recalled. "We could have gone home then if we wanted. No one went home." Watching the wedding of Princess Anne, an occasion that captivated Japan, Matsuo-san remarked that when the Emperor proclaimed that he was a man, not a god, it was very difficult for many people to accept. He spoke of these historical events with wonder at their absurdity, and so it was with sumo. "I don't understand why sumo is so interesting to Japanese people," he said. "I know one old lady who is a fan because she had the same disease that one of the *sumotori* had. She knows nothing about what is going on, but she's crazy about it."

One afternoon at the *berido*, Matsuo-san was asked why sumo started its top division matches at 4 p.m., an awkward time for working people. "Look at the crowd," he said. "Today, on a weekday, it is probably 50% office workers. People are excused from work if they have tickets for sumo." He surveyed the hall, explaining that the best boxes are reserved by companies who write off the cost as a business expense (one four-cushion box goes for 216,000 yen per tournament, or about \$800). "Since these concerns also make contributions to the Sumo Association, they get options on boxes from *berido* to *berido*. It is very hard to get box seats for a newcomer." For a *guyfit*, the theater seats in the *bakoryu* are infinitely preferable.

Turning from the endless ritual, Matsuo-san said, "I think every country wants fair play in its sport, but in Japan fair play includes manners, like bowing, respecting your coaches and seniors and opponents. Sumo has more of this old-style respect than other sports."

The wrestlers' control of their emotions, which the Japanese find appealing, may leave the Occidental unsatisfied. When Daiju, a 5'8½", 317-pound *ozeki*, took on Mienoumi (5'11", 286), the latter burst out with a frenetic charge, dodging and slapping until Daiju was thrown into a fury, stomping after him blindly. Then Mienoumi got to one side and shoved him out. All Daiju's rage, obviously augmented by losing, instantly had to be bottled up. He bowed to his conqueror, left the *dohyo*, turned and bowed again and proceeded smoothly to the dressing room, blood dripping from a gouge in his left cheek.

Matsuo-san sat back and considered. "I truly wish Daiju had won this night, for I have arranged for us to eat with him later."

After the *banho*, Matsuo-san drove out from the center of Fukuoka into the hills. Hejao Hachimangu, the shrine where Daiju's Takashima stable had its quarters, was very old. Great spreading camphor trees kept the moonlight from a rocky courtyard. The visitors were led onto a tatami-floored

room, unfurnished except for a tape recorder and a portable gas stove. Daiju was there, sitting immobile, eyes closed, while around him servants hustled with pillows and bottles and pots. Soon all were seated and presented with *sashimi* (raw fish), rice, pickles, sake and *chausko-mabe* of uncertain origin. Daiju put a fist-sized chunk of ice in a plastic bowl and sloshed in a cup or so of Suntory whiskey. At first he ate little, but drained two or three of these bowls, speaking of his early days as an apprentice. He had joined the stable at 13, coming from Hokkaido after the seventh grade. When he was 19 he made *juro* division and security. Now he was 23. "It was hard, getting up at 3 a.m. to practice and wait on the upper ranks," he said. "Then hours climbing up and down stairs with a man on my back, to build pushing power." He grunted. "It must be so."

Daiju began to eat, saying, "You have to practice to be fit." When he was a novice in Tokyo he ate six large bowls of rice a day. "Now only two."

Would he reduce when he retired?

"I don't know. Most wrestlers try to lower their weight then. But I don't think of the future, only now." He insisted on having several large bottles of beer at his elbow at all times, and kept filling his servants' bowls and commanding them to drink. "Young boys must drink a lot to gain weight and to gain stamina," he said. "To train the liver."

The gouge on his cheek was the shape of the continent of Australia, and flaming. "It must be difficult," said Matsuo-san, "to keep one's composure and follow the ritual after a galling loss."

"The manners of sumo are very strict," said Daiju. "Inside my mind I wasn't satisfied when I was defeated, but I would not show it because it is not the proper manner. I wish I had not lost my sight for a moment when he hit me. I don't hit like that."

He was asked what was most important for foreigners to understand about sumo.

"You have to believe in sumo," he said, carefully putting down his drinking bowl. "You have to understand how serious it is, a serious fight. You have to believe that."

A small, smiling man entered and gave Daiju two bottles of White Horse. He identified himself as a friend who was invited often to eat *chausko-mabe* because he was a grocer. "The power of sumo wrestler is very strong," he said, grinning crazily. "Just like monster."

Daiju put on a shrieking, atonal cassette and commenced beating time on the tatami with a bottle. The visitors departed to much howling and shouting. The apprentice who kept the door was stuporous, so hard had he trained his liver.

In the ear, all was silence for a while. Then Matsuo-san asked in a fearful tone, "Do you know what you ate?"

"Do you want to tell me?"

"Cow guts."

"Cow guts?"

"Yes, Stomach and intestine and other entrails I cannot translate."

"... Well, it's done. I think I can handle that."

Matsuo-san was heartened. "You know, the best thing, really, for stamina is to eat a live frog. Especially for hang-over. If you have worked for three days without sleep and eat a live frog, you will feel strong again. ..."

—continued—

Basho in the Morning At 11 in the morning, when the lowest ranks compete, it is cold in the arena. The stands and boxes are no more than one-eighth filled. The referees are boys themselves. They wear no sandals or tabs. Their kimonos end at midcalf. Their untrained voices are much lower than those of the upper-division screechers, and their manner ritually unpolished.

The young wrestlers, a cross section of body types, wear dark canvas *mawashi* and their little silk fringes are limp, unstarched. When squatting, they part them like damp reeds. At this humble rank, wrestlers throw no salt, and engage in only cursory ritual, so there is more actual wrestling, four times as many matches per hour. One pair flies from the *dohyo* and bowls over an inattentive judge, upending him backwards off his pillow, skirts flying. He rises, beaming, both red-faced wrestlers bowing, arranging his folds.

There are pitiful mismatches, the corpulent bearing the little ones to earth, but once two able 165-pounders meet in a rousing struggle. Through whirling moves and counter-moves is glimpsed what the Westerner conceives as the near-potential of human capacity in this mode of sport. He stands and applauds to excess, drawing eyes. After the match he finds himself wistful, realizing that if those fine athletes achieve their cherished rank, they will have forced themselves into fatness and probably early death.

Waiting for Wajima After 10 days of the tournament the only undefeated wrestler was Yokozumi Wajima. With 15 straight wins in the previous *basho* in Tokyo, he was on a streak of 25, a record for active *sumotori* (the all-time record of 69 consecutive wins was set by Yokozumi Futabayama between 1936 and 1939). Wajima has become such a hero that the Japanese syndicate who purchased a \$600,000 racehorse in the U.S. last July named the colt for the wrestler.

Matsuo-san and the *zuyin* returned to Hanakago's stable, seeking audience. On a brilliant morning the first blasts of winter were sweeping in from the Sea of Japan, from Korea and Siberia. Hanakago, unperturbed in a bathrobe, was strolling in a clinker-filled vacant lot next to the stable's hotel. Wajima had not yet arrived, he said, but as he was in a good mood, Hanakago would answer the *zuyin*'s questions.

"No, Wajima isn't at his optimum weight. He needs a little more. Thirty or 40 pounds, to 300." He went on to say that training in his stable included more than wrestling, stamping and pounding. Running on the beach and up stairs was also done, and in Tokyo, weight lifting. "Men gain power more quickly with modern methods than with just *daiko* or *teppu*." What was more, the Hanakago stable was one of the few that fed its wrestlers milk.

Does Hanakago recruit?

"We have fan clubs, supporters' groups in every prefecture. They watch for strong prospects. When they find one, we get in touch with the boy. It is hard convincing. Sometimes the parents agree but the boy doesn't. There is more freedom than there used to be. One problem is all young boys want to go to college [a pursuit impossible to mix with the total sumo of the stable]."

But Wajima graduated from Tokyo's Nihon University

before he went to professional sumo. He is the first college graduate *yokozumi*. Might this be the wave of the future?

"It is changing. This will help. But Wajima is a special man." By this, said Matsuo-san, Hanakago meant that though Wajima made it by waiting until he was 21 to join the stable, less gifted men could not.

What are the criteria for elevation to *yokozumi*? Hanakago said a matter of being able to win tournaments consistently and of having the right character. Had there ever been a winning wrestler whose character was not approved? "No," he said. "All of our *yokozumi* have had good character. They could not have won if they had not."

The visitors hoped that the conversation so far had warmed the *miakata*. "Do you know," they asked, "if there is much betting on sumo?"

Hanakago gave a low, spitting, gurgling exclamation, which Matsuo-san softly translated as, "He doesn't know."

Sumo's appeal, said the stable master, was its place in Japanese tradition. "Sumo has never been considered separately from the lives of Japanese people. Any boy, when old enough to walk, will do sumo, especially on the *firotu* when the beds are put down on the floor at night. It is perfectly natural for us."

Hanakago left to oversee practice. Wajima still had not arrived in his white, 10-million-yen Continental Mark IV. An apprentice came by, speaking of having caught a couple of snakes, from which, when eaten, would come more stamina. He led the way inside the hotel, upstairs, through a maze of identical passages and finally into a cold room. Open windows gave a view of the sea and coastal apartments, docks and ferries. A color TV was on, teaching flower arrangement.

Shortly, a self-assured man in Western dress presented himself and sat. He was Yasutaro Inouye of Nagoya, a *sumo* restaurateur and organizer of the Nagoya supporting group for Hanakago stable. He told of the involved finances of sumo, a legacy of feudal patronage. Each *seki-itori* wrestler gathers his income from a combination of fixed salary, monthly allowance, special tournament allowances, repeating rewards for performance (for example, if a wrestler once upsets a *yokozumi* he receives a gold star—*daikoku*—and 10,000 yen after every tournament he wrestles for the rest of his career), prize money and gifts from supporters. Inouye-san's Nagoya group, made up of 100 politicians and restaurant people who pay monthly dues of 5,000 yen (\$18), gives money to Hanakago as well as donating refrigerators and stoves. He said everyone knew full well that the Sumo Association gave a fairly substantial allowance to each stable boss for his establishment's operation, so when fan clubs pay to make ends meet, as often as not the boss just pockets the cash. "It is part of the price of being close," he said.

A major expense, for which wrestlers definitely need help, is the fancy *keicho-mawashi*. When Wajima was promoted to *yokozumi* in May of 1973, he needed not one, but three, for his attendants in the *dohyo-iri*. They cost his backers 2½ million yen (just under \$10,000). But from across the country donations poured in. Inouye said that Wajima now had 14 sets of three matching ceremonial aprons, worth about \$150,000.

An apprentice servant appeared. The *yokozumi* was in,

continued



Inexpensive calculators don't have to come from cheap companies.

Today a lot of companies that sell calculators spend more money on advertising than they spend on service.

And you pay the price.

Not so with The Calculator Company. We not only sell our products in 365 Monroe owned offices, we also guarantee to fix anything we sell or replace it with a loaner in one business day.

That's this year, and next year. And every year for as long as you own a Monroe calculator.

To this we add the secret that has made us number one. Choice.

Starting as low as \$79.95 for our Model 30 or for pennies a day our Model 410 budget display or our Model 1305 budget printer. But your choice doesn't end there. It goes on. To the largest line of electronic calculators in the world.

Because the closer we can fit your needs, the less you end up spending in the long run. And that's the real difference between inexpensive and cheap.

Complete details are as close as your phone. Just call your local man from Monroe, or return the coupon. Then sit back and leave the rest to us.

Monroe,
The Calculator Company
550 Central Avenue
Orange, New Jersey 07051



MONROE

- ☐ Yes, I'd like to see the New Monroes
☐ Yes, I'm interested, please send complete information

Name _____

Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

Phone _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

MONROE

The Calculator Company.

The visitors again trailed through a confusion of passageways and descents, trotting down corridors freezing with the ocean winds or through clouds of steam past the bathing area. Despairing of ever seeing their shoes again, they were ushered into a Western sitting room, with burnt-orange couches, coffee table, thick shag rug and the sun coming through gauzy curtains. Wajima, dressed in a blue sweat suit, had a tablemate with him, Seho Ryuko, a 6'1", 295-pound *awagawira*. Both wrestlers sat for a moment on the couch, looking uncomfortable, then dropped to the floor. Henceforth they used the furniture only to lean on. Wajima smoked a Hope cigarette and said, in answer to a question about his training, that few stables permitted wrestlers to run. Ryuko explained, "Oyakata like stamping because the most important thing in sumo is to keep your feet inside the *dokoro*, keep them down hard on the earth. Running is detaching your feet from the ground. And it makes your hips lighter and makes you lose weight if you do too much. All very hard."

Wajima was asked whether it was necessary to perpetuate sumo's feudal pecking order. Could a recruit live outside the stable and just come for training?

"No," he said. "Sumo [the way of sumo as practiced for centuries] is best. It was extremely difficult for me to make the adjustment, but it would have been impossible to become as good as I am without living in the stable. The spirit is different. It is unthinkable."

Ryuko, at 33 seven years older than his superior, said it was hard for Wajima, or any other wrestler, to answer such a question objectively. "His success has come through the present system. Some of the young apprentices might have different feelings. There is an enormous difference between professional and amateur sumo. In baseball the best amateur might be able to play in the big leagues. But when Wajima was an amateur, the best in all Japan, he couldn't have made the bottom of *maka-uchi* division in professional sumo. Some people are sure this is because professional sumo is a way of life."

Like Daiju, Wajima said he hadn't thought of what to do after retirement, he only wanted to be a good *yokozuna*. He added the strange remark that when he retires he must either join the Sumo Association for life or get out entirely. In this serious light, no dabbling is permitted.

The foreigner wondered if Wajima ever wanted to take a vacation longer than the permissible week following tournaments. "That's the rule," he said, shrugging. "I can't help." Ryuko thought they did indeed wrestle too much. "Ninety days a year, such a severe tension, it's too much for a human being."

Do *sumotori* contract ulcers?

"Yes, especially after retirement many do. But we get more troubles of the liver and kidneys than anything. *Sumotori* are perhaps symbolic of appetite to the Japanese people. We have to live up to that."

The previous year Ryuko had ruptured an Achilles tendon, which kept him from wrestling several tournaments, and was demoted right down to *maka-shita* (which means "below the curtain"), an unsalaried rank. Because the rankings are essentially a list of who is best at any given date, he agreed he should have been demoted. "But since I had done well in the past, I believe I should have been given some

financial consideration." Should, then, the Sumo Association allow an injured wrestler to lay out of as many *husho* as it takes to heal? "I agree," he said, turning one palm upward. "But the professional world is severe. You don't keep matches running that don't produce salable goods. It is the same in sumo."

Last Night at the Bashi By the final evening the faces and chests of the wrestlers are pocked, discolored. Their stamping seems tentative, their crouching painful, although the matches themselves evince all the potential delicacy of sumo—one is lost by a fingertip touched to the sand.

It has not been a winning tournament for Jesse. He has had trouble with his balance, has not charged with complete control. His last match is brief. He rushes forward with abandon, but his opponent sidesteps. The massive Hawaiian simply keeps going to his knees in the dust, sneezing. In the dressing room he backs into a little stall and watches, with disgust, a video replay of the irrevocable moment. Servants wash his feet.

Three nights earlier, Wajima had opposed Matsuo Takanohana, smallest of the top ranks (6', 212), who is known for his wizardry at the edge of the ring, his lightning reversals. To control him, Wajima had to get to his belt. He stabbed for it, but took a poor grip, his index finger jammed between the *monoshi's* layers of fabric. Still, the hold seemed effective, the *yokozuna* straining at the writhing smaller man and finally driving him into the clay.


His 12th win having clinched the tournament championship, Wajima knelt, transfixed, not in prayer as for an instant it appeared, but watching blood spurt from between his fingers where Takanohana's black silk *monow* had ripped to the bone.

Wajima did not need to wrestle any more, and to protect his winning streak was urged not to. But the way of sumo is his way. On the 13th night his right hand, with eight stitches closing the webbing between his fingers, was wrapped and useless. His match was a formality. Yokozuna Kitanofuji, a serene, immaculately coiffed man, pressed to Wajima's right, where there could be no counter. The champion's streak ended at 27. Wajima spent the night in a hospital with a high fever. He did not wrestle again.

Now, through the last few matches, the screams from supporters grow wild, to the brink of madness. Then the *banjo* is over. Wooden blocks are struck to herald the champion's entrance. The percussion has a cold, lingering resonance that restores perfect order. In silence Wajima comes. Pale, dressed only in his dark green *monow*, he stands as still as stone while the entire assembly rises and sings the Japanese national anthem, a surging, minor-keyed work. The foreigner is moved, feeling very much alone among a proud, self-righteous people.

Wajima receives the Emperor's Cup, the trophies of glass and silver, the certificates, flags and a portrait of himself. He barely touches each, as the full weight of the spoil is taken by helpers in business suits. He is not asked to speak. He simply stands, free of expression, as if he has already passed into the ancestry of his sport, a cool, ivory symbol of an ancient nation's obedience to authority. **END**

Ultradyne II. Handcrafted by Walter Hagen. Quite possibly the finest set of golf instruments the game has ever known.



"True quality ultimately depends on things only the human hand can provide—experience, a sense of reputation, pride."

Very few things in life are really worth owning.

Very few purchases give the owner a true feeling of value received.

We at Walter Hagen are proud to be able to offer you just such an opportunity.

The Ultradyne II Series of Woods and Irons.

Most likely, you've heard about them already.

We'll simply say, that in forty-eight years at the bench, Hagen stubbornness has never paid off so handsomely.

Almost all of the provenly significant design innovations of the last decade are reflected in these clubs.

Fore-weighted Woods. Investment-Cast Irons. Horizontally and Vertically Expanded Sweet Spots. Counter-Torque Shafts. All to supplement the golfer's own natural ability to improve his game.

Every step of manufacture has been meticulously planned and then slavishly monitored for precision and consistency of workmanship.

The shaping. The sanding. The fitting. The finishing.

Our hands have never worked quite as slow. Nor with quite the attention to each and every detail.

Value received.

The way we see it, you can spend money. Or you can spend money well.

If you're serious about golf, if you're serious about money, we urge you to see the Ultradyne II Series.

Quite possibly, the finest set of golf instruments the game has ever known.

From Walter Hagen.

With pride.



Walter Hagen

If it's not handcrafted, it's not Hagen.



Walter Hagen
and Company

trademarks and Ultradyne II
designs that distinguish Hagen

©1974



Buying slacks without looking for our zipper is like hitting the ball with your eyes closed.

In all the world, the zipper most respected for quality is Talon®. Which is also why it's one of the best ways to judge the quality of whatever it's in.

Because when the manufacturers

who make the clothes you buy select a Talon zipper, it's an obvious sign they care about quality.

Whether it's slacks. Or wind-breakers.

Or any of the hundreds of

products that use a zipper.

So when you shop, follow this simple rule: Always keep your eyes open for the name Talon.

Because that's the best clue the rest is made well, too.

Talon®
THE QUALITY ZIPPER

How to Win at Poker, Always

The Lucky Dutchman had something up his sleeve and for a while there, around the turn of the century, it fooled all the local cardsharps

In the late 1800s, American inventiveness gave the world two mechanical devices of admirable contrivance but dubious value to society. Both were invented in San Francisco within seven years of each other. Both are used in gambling. Both are one-armed bandits.

The first is ubiquitous in Nevada today, and can be found here and there all over the world, from Africa to Japan. It is the common slot machine, invented in 1895 by Charles Fey, a 29-year-old mechanic.

Unlike the slot machine, the other one-armed bandit never did enter the domain of common knowledge. In fact, the success of the device depended almost entirely on its secrecy, but it did eventually become widely known, among cardsharps and manufacturers of gambling paraphernalia, as the *Kepplinger holdout*. The device was invented in 1888 by P. J. (Lucky Dutchman) Kepplinger, a hefty poker player who worked the games in San Francisco.

Basically, a holdout is any device used to secrete cards during a game. Many of them, before and after Kepplinger's, served to store a marked or prestacked deck until the sharper wanted to substitute it for the legitimate deck; it might be used only once during a session. But Kepplinger's device worked so well that it permitted the cheat to hold out and ring in cards on almost every deal. It could be used to accumulate a good hand four aces, say—but Kepplinger apparently used it only to hold out one card, which he considered part of his regular poker hand; in effect, Kepplinger was playing six cards to his opponents' five.

Kepplinger had a character composed in equal parts of finesse and pure gall. His favorite sport was not plucking the easy pigeons around San Francisco, he preferred to cheat his fellow professionals. Moreover, he apparently suffered from an inordinate craving for action and had to be in on every pot. Hand after hand, session after session, the Lucky Dutchman took everyone's money with no discretion at all.

Even rank amateurs would have become suspicious enough to conclude that all of Kepplinger's winning hands could not be attributed to luck, but the cards were not marked, Kepplinger was not stacking the deck or doing any fancy dealing, and finally the pros concluded that he had to be holding out. Yet he made none of the telltale movements, had none of the mannerisms associated with other holdouts of the day. To operate the old Jacob's Ladder machine, for example, one had to press one's forearm against the table. To operate the cuff-pocket holdout, one had to be continuously crossing hands. There were dozens of tip-offs to watch for, but Kepplinger sat there, straight as a ramrod.

Finally the bamboozled pros could bear it no longer. Late one night, after all the pigeons had been plucked and only professionals remained in the game, they ganged up on him. Pretending to quit, one gambler excused himself from the table, put on his hat, got behind Kepplinger, and suddenly had a bear-hold on him. The others grabbed for an arm or a leg. Kepplinger put up a mighty struggle, but the gamblers eventually subdued him.

What they found was an elaborate contrivance of wheels, tubes, pulleys, strings and other mechanical parts strung under his clothing from his knees to his wrist. Thus rigged, all Kepplinger had to do to work card-copping pincers in and out of his cuff was to spread his knees a bit. It turned out to be the world's most unerring holdout. Dating back to a device noted in the *Memoirs of Robert Hood* (1858), earlier holdouts were comparatively crude. In addition to requiring unnatural movements, they were prone to malfunction: a string would tangle in a pulley wheel—and the cards themselves were apt to hang up in the cuff. Card detective Frank Garcia called Kepplinger's device the "most complicated, ingenious and successful contraption in the history of crooked gambling."

The gamblers who uncloaked Kepplinger were so amazed at the new machine that they didn't even demand their

money back. They didn't beat him up, or smash his knuckles to teach him a lesson. Instead, they forced him to outfit them with similar machines.

Before long, the gambling supply houses were advertising Kepplinger holdouts in their catalogs, and of course some manufacturers quickly made design modifications and touted their machines as superior to the Kepplinger. Here's a sample from a supply house of the 1890s.

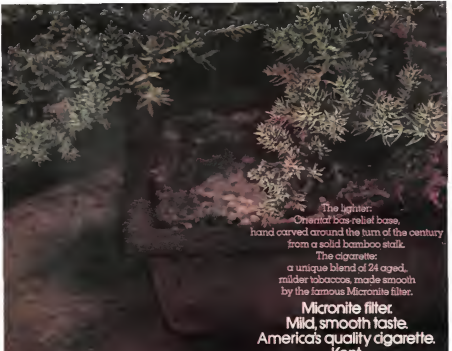
THE LATEST SEVENTY HOLDOUT

The finest machine in this country. All late improvements, better made than some machines that are sold for \$300. A better machine than the Kepplinger, of San Francisco, holdout. Made of fine and light pen steel, and works as well in shirt sleeves as with a coat on. The machine is fastened in a double shirt sleeve. The cards go in between the wristband and cuff. The wristband and cuff closes up when the cards are in, and anyone may look up your sleeve to your elbow and cannot see anything wrong. The holdout is worked by spreading your knees. The string runs through steel tubing that has capped pulley wheel joints. The string catches hind or catch, and will work smoothly, easy, and noiseless, every time alike. Give length of arm and size of shirt worn when ordering. Price: \$100. Will send one C.O.D. \$75, with privilege to examine, on receipt of \$25.

In recent times, Kepplinger-type machines have sold for well over \$300. But the golden age of the holdout is over. According to the Racket and Conspiracy Section of the Detroit Police Department, most professional gamblers no longer use holdouts because of their easy detection. A holdout is incontestable evidence of cheating, and a self-respecting pro prefers to work without such devices on his person.

But in 1962 Garcia reported a card-sharp known as Smokey Joe, who had recently clipped a gambling house in Lexington, Ky. for \$270,000 at a blackjack table with the aid of a Kepplinger. He claimed that holdouts were still widely used in San Francisco.

A.D. EVANS



The lighter:
Oriental bas-relief base,
hand carved around the turn of the century
from a solid bamboo stalk.
The cigarette:
a unique blend of 24 aged,
milder tobaccos, made smooth
by the famous Micronite filter.

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.





Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 18 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '78.

Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

One thing you can say about the seasons of sport...



...they never run out.

To make sure you don't miss a single punt, pass, pitch, putt, save, sprint or schuss—sign on with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** every week. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offers you a reserved seat for the best of baseball, football, hockey, basketball... the whole exciting world of sport. Whatever the game, whatever the season, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** helps you enjoy and appreciate it more. So use the attached card—and enter your subscription today! If someone's beaten you to the card, write to

Sports Illustrated

Time-Life Building, Chicago,
Illinois 60611. Or call our toll-free
number: 800-621-8200 (in
Illinois, call 800-972-8302).





Jack Nicklaus Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller play **Tourney Red**

Tourney Red. The winning ball in nineteen major tournaments last year. The ball many top pros are playing, and winning with this year. The big winners on the pro tour, Nicklaus, Weiskopf, and Miller, play Tourney Red exclusively. You can too. Ask for Tourney Red at your pro shop.

Tourney Red by
MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF
BRIDGECORP CORPORATION DEPARTMENT F100
ONE BRIDGECORP PLAZA • SKOKIE, ILLINOIS 60076



COLLEGE STUDENTS: Work for yourself... by working with us!

Graduates and undergraduates at colleges and universities all over the country have been doing well financially for years by offering their peers special rate student subscriptions to TIME SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and FORTUNE.

You can too. The only investment is your time and talent. We supply a complete, effective selling kit that's an accumulation of over two decades of on-campus selling experience. You set your own working hours. The commissions are liberal and we do the billing. And for extra income you may even participate in special market research projects.

If you are interested please apply to: **Time Inc., College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.**



19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BEAR EGG

Sir: My favorite alltime great golfer, "The Golden Bear," laid an egg in his article "Shorten the Tour, Improve the Game, May 13." Agreed, reduce the number of tournaments to the amount a pro would want to enter and still be at his peak—which he does now. What Jack Nicklaus fails to recognize, though, is that probably 99.9% of the lesser lights in the pro ranks are just as eager to win, too, and try just as hard to be competitive. Winning for them may be placing in the top 25. I feel the real golf fan follows the shots and scores of "also rans" on the tour who have never won the big one. How about Lee Elder's win a few weeks ago? Personally, I like to follow a name like Jerry McGee from week to week, and see him come on with some good rounds. And one of these weeks he will take a big one.

ROBERT HUGHES

Chittenango, N.Y.

MS. vs. MR.

Sir: This is a comment on Pat Wilson's letter to you (19th Hole, May 6). Wilson said that Charlie Brown had girls on his team, and he has never won a game. True, but if you look across town you will see a team that always wins. This team's manager and star player is Peppermint Patty, a girl.

MARY MANNIX

New Shrewsbury, N.J.

Sir:

Have you noticed who the best player on Charlie Brown's team is? Not a boy or a girl, but a dog.

CRAG KOEBLIN

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir:

I would like to present a rebuttal to Barbara Greene's letter (April 29) concerning sportscasters. She contends that the most significant reason that sports news broadcasts are done poorly is because they are done by men. I find it incomprehensible that someone from the Boston area could make such an absurd statement. One of the local TV stations employs Barbara Born as a sportscaster. By now she is better known as Born-Barbara. Even a fellow sportscaster at the station has publicly denounced her ability to report sports. The sportscasters for the other two major networks are excellent. Both Len

continued

The day freedom played second fiddle to a 6-lb. bass.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON X-90

It was a day for some serious riding. But the bass were biting that day, too. And who would have thought a kid would give up a great time on his Harley-Davidson X-90 to go fishing?

Especially when he's got a full 90cc oil injected freedom machine. With a 4-speed transmission, hydraulic rear shocks, true motorcycle suspension, new hydraulically-dampened front fork, safety rim locks, spark arresting muffler, horn, speedometer and tail and head lamps.

Anyway, you shoulda seen him getting to those bass.

And he got one.

A 6-lb. beaut! It made our heart feel good. But it didn't help our pride one bit.

Until he got back on his X-90 and rode home.

The Great American Freedom Machine.

AMF Harley-Davidson • Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204 • Member Motorcycle Industry Council

Tennis Test

Miss a few and you can get 6 months of
World Tennis Magazine for only \$2.00

(Regular subscription price \$7 per year for 12 issues.
 Regular newsstand price is 75 cents per copy.)

- Is a ball-volley a misnomer?
- How many return of serve errors does a good player make in a match?
- What is the Goeltz Creed and has it produced a National Champion?
- Who won Raver Oaks? Bjorn Borg, Rod Laver, or Arthur Ashe?
- How tightly do the Pros have their rackets strung?
- When you win the toss, can you elect to have your opponent make the choice of side or serve?
- What player was rated No. 31 of 32 in his WCT group and then shocked everyone by winning the next WCT tournament in a field that included Nastase and Okker?
- Has Chris Evert signed to play WTT?
- When waiting to return serve, should you bend from the waist or the knees?
- What is a junk ball artist?
- Which two South Africans are known as "The Belly" and "The Wal"? Why?
- Are there any "Tennis Self-Taught" books available?
- Do ball-throwing machines help you improve?
- Will an American twist serve to the backhand move you wide on your backhand or will it break into your body?
- What top French player has a Napoleon complex, one day thinking he is Nastase and the next day thinking he is Rosie Casals?
- How do you find a good adult tennis clinic?
- Should you pivot your shoulders and hips on return of serve?
- Who is the only player that Tom Okker says he can't beat?
- Where can you go for an inexpensive tennis vacation?
- What are the rules with regard to the weight and size of a racket?
- How do you learn to play against hard hitters?
- Did any of the top four women Pros in the U.S. agree to play for their country in Federation Cup?
- How do you recognize the type of spin coming to you?
- Does Prince Charles play tennis?

The answers to these and many other
 questions are in the June issue of
World Tennis

I would like to take advantage of your Special Introductory Offer of six
 issues for only \$2.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

☐ Money Enclosed

☐ Bill Me

World Tennis, 15 Love St., Marion, Ohio 43302

D-009

10TH HOLE *Continued*

Berman and Dos Gillis report the news accurately and in an interesting manner

ALAN LIBARSON

Somerville, Mass.

SCRATCH

Sir:

Your Aged 29 contributor to the 19th Hole, W. E. Hagenlocher, is right when he points out that Erich Hagenlocher (as he used to spell it) of Stuttgart, Germany, defeated Jack Schaefer in 1926 to reign briefly as world balkline billiard king. But he is wrong to state that he earned the right to challenge Schaefer by winning elimination matches with Cochran and Hoppe. All of the players in the 1925 world tournament, in which Hagenlocher finished third, were entitled to a challenge match with Schaefer, the tournament winner.

ROBERT BYRNE

Mal Vailley, Calif.

PROBIT

Sir:

In a time when all that is written, which is very little, about international soccer concerns the present world champion, Brazil, it was refreshing to read Clive Gammon's story (*Is there a Cup Bigger Than a Sixer*, May 13) about the world champion-to-be: West Germany. With a relatively young team, as well as a very experienced one, the West Germans are without doubt in the best possible position. Their tremendous strength up the middle of the field should make all the difference. Starting with Sepp Maier, the goalie, and moving up the middle through Franz Beckenbauer, one of the world's best all-around players, to Gunter Netzer and, finally, Gerd Müller, the leading scorer in international soccer, the Germans should be unstoppable. The remainder of the team is an excellent balance of fast, strong defencemen, adept ball handlers and pinpoint passers.

Above all, it should be noted that the games will be played on West German soil and the home-team advantage is very important in soccer. I find it difficult to imagine that anyone other than Franz Beckenbauer will accept the World Cup trophy for his country. I certainly hope your fine magazine will continue its coverage of the most important sporting event of the year anywhere in the world.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Carlisle, Pa.

BUCK-PASSING

Sir:

Yes, Buck Dawson (*Into the Past with a Seal of Approval*, April 29) as we remember him was indeed a most individualistic person! Apparently all 200 of his classmates at Officers Training School, Fort Benning, Ga., during World War II shared the same opinion

continued



We think a car should have front-wheel drive. Because you never know where the road will take you.

Front-wheel drive will give you some remarkable advantages. Especially when the road you started out on turns into something else.

It'll give you excellent traction, for example, to get you through gravel, mud, sand... even snow and ice. Because the weight of the engine and transmission is over the drive wheels.

It makes our car less likely to skid on any kind of road surface, because the drive wheels are ahead of the center of gravity. So our car is more stable and has better directional stability than cars with rear-wheel drive.

And front-wheel drive gives you excellent control and handling. Because the front wheels actually pull you around curves and turns.

We also build our car with the precision of rack and pinion steering, with power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels, with roll-cage construction, and with the performance and economy of our 2 liter engine (it'll give you about twice the gas mileage of most full size domestic cars.*)

We build our car with features that make it comfortable, economical, durable and safe. Because even though you don't always know where the road will take you, you should at least be sure your car will get you there.

The Saab 99 LE and EMS. From \$4698 to \$5198.

Saab. It's what a car should be.

There are more than 450 Saab dealers nationwide. Price does not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment, if any.



*As published by the EPA, the average miles per gallon for a car of 4,500 lbs. or more is 25 MPG or less. The EPA miles per gallon performance for a Saab 99 LE is 19 MPG.

Rare Pleasure

We found a way to bottle it.



J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
Founded 1799

25th Anniversary

64 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1994 Padgett Inc., N.Y.

10TH HOLE continued

ion. In a system where every officer candidate had to raise all the others, Buck found himself, after the first grading in May 1943, No. 200. At graduation in July he had, characteristically, risen to No. 1—quite a tribute from his classmates.

During field exercises, Buck didn't scale six-foot walls—he high-jumped them. Twenty-foot streams weren't forded—they were long-jumped. On the dreaded day, when every member of the class had to prove his all-round agility and stamina by running a tortuous obstacle course, Buck came breezing across the finish line in his typical clowning manner. The official timer, a young officer from the Infantry School Board, was outraged and chewed Buck out for obviously cheating as the elapsed time was "absolutely impossible." Not even breathing hard, Buck shouted, "Start the watch again!"—and away he went, establishing a new school record.

A week later the school's commanding general and his staff wanted to watch Buck make the run. You guessed it—another Infantry School record, and as far as I know, it still stands.

LIEUT. COLONEL JACK DEDRICK
AUS, Ret.

Costa Mesa, Calif.

NY

Sir:

I have just finished reading your article (*High, Y and Then Some*, May 6) covering the National YMCA Swimming and Diving Championships, and I can honestly say I was appalled. You took a national championship and tore it to shreds.

We have never claimed to be as important as the AAU nationals, but the YMCA meet is not, as you put it, "a kind of wet three-ring circus." For many young swimmers this was the most important meet of their lives, and, as you admit, many Olympic swimmers began their careers as YMCA competitors. Without the Y swim program, the state of American swimming would be severely weakened.

RON CUMMINS

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir:

It was disappointing to note Mr. Kirshenbaum's condescending attitude regarding the Y's swimming programs. Those of us who are not willing or able to relocate in order to affiliate our swimmers with an AAU swim club have to be content with upgrading our local Y's swim program. Those parents, and they are legion, who expend hours of their own free time in working with and improving our children's swim teams are thankful that there is a Y available, even with its imperfections.

But thanks anyway for an often-looked-for article on a wonderful event that I have

**Who's got choice
tobacco from five
different countries?**

**White Owl.
That's Whooo!**



FOCUS ON THE FAMILY



The Salvation Army
operates community centers
for family worship, recreation,
and social activities

RONSON
Multi-Fill
fuels most
butane lighters



From
59¢
The clean
quality butane
that won't clog

**Physical fitness
is beautiful.
beautiful.
beautiful.**



Something beautiful is happening to girls. They are not just spectators anymore. They're into Physical Fitness. The results are simply beautiful when parents support the Physical Education programs of their schools.

**The President's Council on
Physical Fitness & Sports**
Washington, D.C. 20541



15TH HOLE *continued*

avenge his teammate by sliding hard into Robinson at third base. However, I think the ball was jarred loose when Robinson tagged Dark hard on the forehead, which Alvin neglected to mention.

G. M. THOMAS

New York City

SLIPS

Sir:

Did Whitney Tower and William Leggett watch the same Kentucky Derby?

In your May 13 issue Mr. Tower says that Buck's Bid's trainer found solace in the extreme outside post position. On the next page Mr. Leggett calls post position 23 (Buck's Bid's) the worst.

One of these noted gentlemen has slipped in his stirrups.

BERT SHAPIRO

San Francisco

ON THE AIR

Sir:

I very much enjoyed your new feature (TV, Radio, May 6, by William Leggett). I feel that television and radio have become so vital to the success and enjoyment of sports that this column will be not only welcome but necessary.

SAM FRIEDMAN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Now that your Mr. Leggett has (correctly) gone out of his way to be so nice to NBC's hockey crew, I trust he will be equally fair to a lot of other TV sportscasters. Which means he should blast them for failing to keep their mouths shut for more than two seconds at a time, for repeating useless information and for filling the air with clichés. I vote for Rick Barry as the best new face in the business in a long time.

STEVE POTTER

Los Angeles

WRONG IS RIGHT

Sir:

My sincerest compliments for the impressive scenic photography by Stephen Green-Armistage (*The Right Place at the 'Wrong' Time*, May 6). However, I wish to take exception to your "wrong" season, as you term it. You can have the summer with its heat, humidity and crowded beaches and expressways. I'll take the quiet off-season anytime. It is the perfect time to get away from the paper-mache simulation of the daily grind and find peace.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**,
TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New
York, N.Y. 10020.

Go
to the head
of the
class.



Old Grand-Dad.
Head of the Bourbon Family.

THE DORAL SHOWDOWN

Doral challenges your cigarette to a showdown, with a most unusual Filter System. The System that lowers "tar" without sacrificing "taste." Only Doral has Cellulose Fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine, a unique Polyethylene Chamber and Smoke Baffles. Plus, Air Channels for easy draw. All this and good taste too. Doral: the low "tar" and nicotine cigarette with the high taste difference.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 FILTER CIGARETTES
FILTER MENTHOL 14 mg. 'tar', 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Brand MAR 11